



No. 26.—VOL. II.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1893.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.

## A CHAT WITH MRS. GRAHAM TOMSON.

"I can't find no Number Twenty, Sir," said my cabman, trumpeting through the roof.

"Try round the corner," I replied, looking hopefully upwards.

He did, and there it was, a green wicket tucked cosily away in a long wall that promised a garden within. The bell tinkled inquiringly. A trim Phyllis appeared, and in a step I was twenty miles from town, and Grove Road on the other side of the wall. A garden, indeed—one that had low-spreading trees, with the leaves making shadow dances on the turf, and wide, old-fashioned flower borders.

"How you must revel in that garden!" I said to my hostess. "And Piccadilly only eighteen-pence away, to be brutally practical as to distance."

"Oh, yes; we half live in it, and are, as you suggest, near the axis of everything. My husband paints his cats there, and——"

"And you, no doubt, those lovely lines of which you send us too few. When does your next book of poems appear?"

"In the autumn. But let me give you a cup of tea first."

I followed as Mrs. Tomson led the way into a dim, picturesque room, with that air of deep-seated comfort about it which only some women can diffuse among their chairs and tables. Presently the solacing tinkle of teacups was heard, and a battalion of enthusiastic tabbies ushered in the milk.

"These are Mr. Tomson's cats, I suppose?" as the furry-coated phalanx whisked in after the teatray.

"Yes. This fluffy one is Ibsen. Is he not like the New Apostle? And this is James Matthew—called after Mr. Barrie, of course—and that one's a waif. His instinct led him here, I suppose."

"Excuse me, but I have never seen cats so much at their ease before. Their manners are charmingly unconventional and easy." This in uncontrollable reference to Ibsen, who had established himself lolling in an easy chair, and James Matthew's prompt disappearance in a Queen Anne milk jug.

"Yes, we encourage them to do exactly as they like. My husband's theory about painting cats is that they are best studied when they are least restrained. So our family of nine come and go as they like; he is always studying them, and thus becomes familiar with all that is most characteristic and graceful in them."

"You get through a good deal of work, Mrs. Tomson, in connection with your new duties as editor?"

"Oh! *Sylvia's Journal*, you mean. Well, I have done that for the

past twelve months, and have taken no little interest in remoulding the magazine and watching its development."

"I can answer for that, but you write for all the leading magazines?"

"I contribute a good deal to periodicals," she said, smiling. "But I have always doubted if the creative and critical faculties flourish together."

"In your case they certainly do, but am I right in thinking that verse-making comes first in your affections?"

"Undoubtedly. I have always been more or less of a rhymist."

"And here is the result," I said, laying my hand on the dainty lyrics of "The Bird Bride."

"I think I like 'A Summer Night' the better of the two. The subjects treated in it are more sympathetic to me."

"When do you find the afflatus strong on you, Mrs. Tomson?" I asked, scanning the tall, graceful figure, and realising how aptly descriptive that new adjective "reposeful" can be.

"At all times and no times," she said, looking out with a smile through the low-browed verandah. "Sometimes one gets a rush of ideas and sometimes one goes sterile for long. But, of course, nothing that one does reaches up to one's hopes of accomplishment. Now come into the garden: we can talk there, and I will show you my white roses."

"And what have you put into your new book, if one may dare ask?"

"A few London rhymes, with others," she answered.

"It seems to me that London could supply themes for all the poetry in the world."

"It is so, truly."

"But what's this I see, wickets and a bat lying about! Are you a cricketer, too?"

"I sometimes have a game with my boy. It's excellent fun, I assure you."

"Oh! many-sided woman! There is only one other question I have refrained from asking."

"I know," she said, laughing, "and I'll answer it, as you have not asked. No, I did not go to the Women Writers' dinner, though, as you know, I was associated with them last year."

"I'm amazed! But you surely have a mission—a hobby—a field of labour—a——"

"Please don't be satirical. That is just what I have not. It seems to me that women have no sense of humour. Directly they do anything they become serious and dogmatise. Men do all these things, and more, yet they do not step up into self-created niches on the instant."

"There was a line once written about a woman," I answered. "Let me quote it for you and to you. 'A Daniel, a Daniel come to judg——'"

"Now, you are laughing at me," she said.

"Ah, you know differently. I shall have the sweet taste of this metropolitan paradise in my mouth all day." And so I had.—M. B. C.



Photo by H. Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

MRS. GRAHAM R. TOMSON.



## OUR OWN COUNTRY.

"It was all my fault." Only one man, Lord Gillford, heard Admiral Tryon utter these words on the deck of the *Victoria* after the *Camperdown* had rammed her, but no one reading the story of the disaster as told at the painful court-martial can for a moment doubt the witness's veracity.

The evidence given during the week at the Court has not been so sensational as this. Admiral Markham's evidence was simply an enlargement of his despatch. Was Admiral Tryon ill? has been asked on all sides. Fleet-Surgeon Mackay-Ellis, of the *Victoria*, has answered in the negative. It is true that for nearly a month before the disaster he had been suffering from a small ulcer in the leg, but on the very day of the calamity he had said to the doctor: "I am very glad to say, Sir, that in a couple more days I shall be able to wipe my hands of you, and I am sure you will be glad."

Nothing more vivid in the way of photography has been seen for a long time than the snapshot of the sinking of the *Victoria* taken by Staff-Surgeon Collot, of H.M.S. *Collingwood*. There is nothing idealised

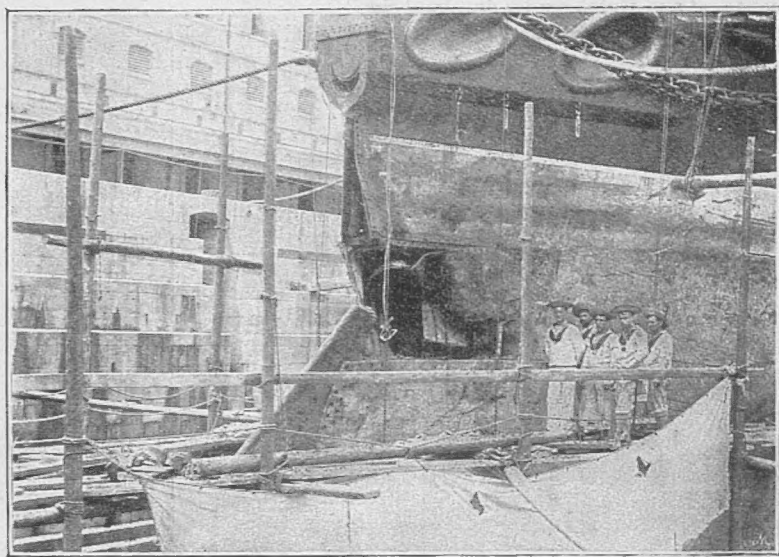


Photo by Capt. Robinson, H.M.S. *Trafalgar*.

THE DAMAGE TO THE RAM OF H.M.S. CAMPERDOWN.

here; the picture is horribly realistic. The snapshot has been admirably enlarged by Mr. Richard Ellis, photographer, Valetta, Malta, and may be had either from him or from Messrs. Perry, Lund, and Co., Bradford. Need it be said that such a valuable bit of work is strictly copyright?

The Mansion House fund for the relief of the sufferers having reached the limit of £50,000 has been closed. The amount was subscribed rapidly, as the terrible nature of the disaster almost warranted it would be. Large lump sums were given from all quarters. Among the many concerts given in aid of the fund that organised by Mr. Lawrence Kellie yielded £202 odd to the fund.

The second meeting of the International Maritime Congress was held in London during last week—the first having been held in Paris four years ago—when about two hundred foreign representatives were present. London was an appropriate meeting-place, for, as Lord Brassey, who presided, remarked, we have been forced as a nation by geographical conditions to take the lead in shipping enterprise. Nowhere, he said, had the aids to navigation, by lighting and buoyage, been more valuable than on our mist-bound and tempestuous shores.

In this connection, indeed as if an object lesson for the special benefit of the engineers, the foundation-stone of the pier which will constitute the principal portion of the new deep-sea harbour at Dover was laid by the Prince of Wales on Thursday. Hitherto this haven has been quite unequal to its importance, strategically and commercially, and far inferior to the artificial docks at the opposite side at Calais. It has taken a long time to remedy these defects, but at last an outer harbour of about fifty-six acres will be enclosed at a cost of between £800,000 and £900,000.

Summer numbers are usually more interesting than useful to their readers. A combination of these qualities makes the summer number of the *Western Weekly News* (Plymouth) noteworthy. It gives thirty-two illustrated articles dealing with the many delightful holiday haunts in the west, most ably compiled details as to coaches and conveyances, and twenty stories by such eminent writers as Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., Mr. George R. Sims, Miss Rhoda Broughton, and Miss Adeline Sergeant. In addition to this tempting bill of fare, there are numerous brief articles, which on seaside shores and in quiet resting places will pleasantly pass the time. The whole idea of this summer number has been evolved with great skill and good taste. The price of this large publication—twopence—is as remarkably low as the standard of its excellence is high.

The coal crisis has reached a climax, since the miners have decided to be locked out next Friday rather than submit to the reduction of wages proposed by the owners, and equally to arbitration on the question. The Durham miners opposed this decision, while the Northumberland men did not vote, but, excluding these two counties, the number of miners who will be idle amounts to 36,000. The production of coal by the locked-out districts last year was over a hundred million tons.

Saturday ended a week of surprises at Bisley. For the first time in the history of the National Rifle Association, the same man, Private Stocks, of Birkenhead, took the Bronze and the Silver Medals in the Queen's Prize. Equally surprising was his break-down in the final stage, where he sank to the fiftieth place, making only 42 against the 70 of the winner of the prize, Sergeant Davies, of Llanelly.

Scotland, or rather the Scottish Home Rule Association, pines for redress. The association has just memorialised Mr. Gladstone to consider the interests of Scotland as well as England and Wales, and "so adjust the Home Rule problem as to admit of its true and only solution by granting each division of the United Kingdom a local Legislature and Executive for the management of its own affairs, all four historical divisions being fairly represented in an Imperial Parliament, where all Imperial questions shall be submitted and decided upon."

Yet, Scotland has its recompense, for the news comes that the prospects for the "Twelfth" are unusually favourable this year. The moors were shot sparingly last season, with the result that a good stock of healthy birds was left on them, and these have been greatly improved by the dry weather during the spring. Indeed, the young birds have already reached a state of maturity rarely seen so early, and disease is almost totally absent. Stags are also plentiful and in glorious condition.

In view of such good sport, the railway companies have done well to introduce their corridor dining trains, that of the Midland leaving St. Pancras at 1.30 p.m. This company runs other trains to Scotland daily—two at 5.15 a.m., a third at 10 a.m., and a fourth at 10.35 a.m. The dining train, as has been noticed, leaves at 1.30 p.m., while in the evening there are two trains—at 9.15 and 9.20.

The town is once more said to be empty, and Goodwood especially is all the more crowded. For the Sussex fortnight and the Goodwood meeting the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company began running special trains yesterday. The convenience of visitors will further be considered by the Duke of Richmond and by the Brighton and Portsmouth Corporations, who will see to the watering of the roads between the stations at Drayton and Chichester and Goodwood Park.

For eleven mortal days Mr. Justice Hawkins and a special jury have been sitting to decide whether Mr. Labouchere did or did not libel in the pages of *Truth* Mr. and Mrs. Zierenberg, who run the St. James's Home for Female Inebriates at Kennington Park, by asking "Is Zierenberg's a Home or a Jail?" And yet the case is not finished, for it has had to be adjourned to the next sittings.

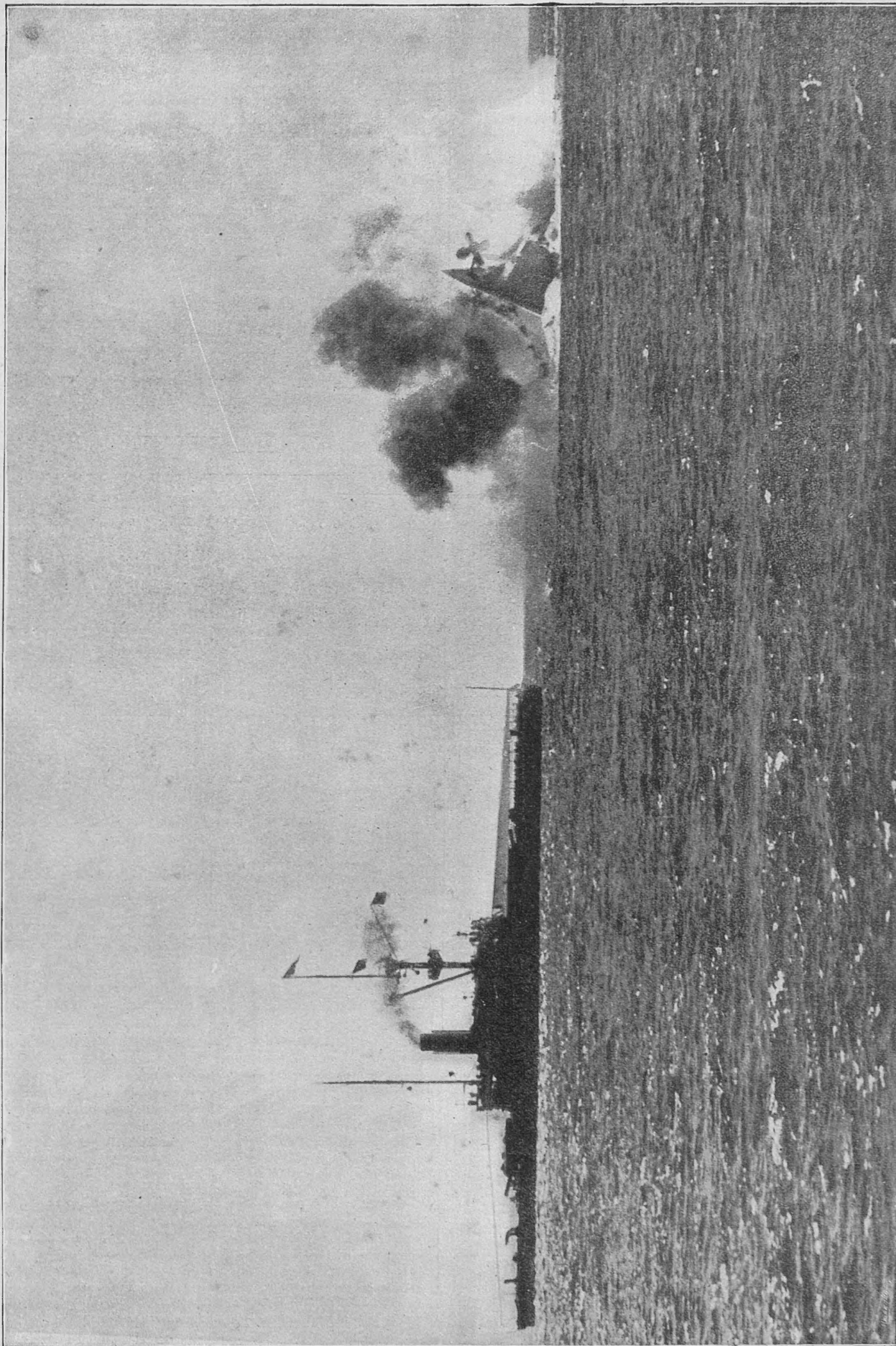
A modern pilgrimage to Canterbury is a very different thing from the journey which nine-and-twenty good folk once took from the Tabard at Southwark, to see the tomb of the "holie, blisful martir," A'Becket. It was by special train that the members of the Roman Catholic Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, under direction of the Master, the Rev. Philip Fletcher, M.A., travelled on Thursday to Canterbury. After paying their devotions at the shrine in the Cathedral, the pilgrims attended a special service in the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

It was Buckle's favourite theory that Scotland was one of the most priest-ridden countries the world had ever seen. Have the tables been turned? For here is an Aberdeenshire parish applying for a parson, who has to state in his testimonials his "age, height, physical strength, and health, personal appearance and manners, father's occupation, and freedom from defect or deformity." He also has to state whether his voice is "loud, low, harsh, monotonous, whining, drawling, squeaking, provincial in accent, distinctly heard in a large church." That is only a few of the qualifications, yet a hundred and fifty parsons have applied for the vacant pulpit.

Siam has replied to the French ultimatum, which is referred to elsewhere. While the tenor of the reply is pacificatory, it does not concede all the French demands. While consenting to the delimitation of frontier between Cambodia and Siam, the Siamese plead ignorance of what is involved by "the rights of the empire of Annam and the kingdom of Cambodia." The King proposes that the points in dispute should be submitted to international arbitration, and agrees to the other French demands, so far as is compatible with justice and the independence of his kingdom.

The examination of Convict Wells before the Registrar is less like the report of a bald bankruptcy case than of an entertaining chapter from the "Arabian Nights." It seems that he received £32,000 in connection with his patents—for which he made 190 applications—and he estimates his interest in Continental companies at £315,000.





LATEST THING IN SNAPSHOTS: H.M.S. VICTORIA, AS LAST SEEN OFF TRIPOLI, SYRIA, ON THE AFTERNOON OF JUNE 22, 1893.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STAFF-SURGEON COLLOT, H.M.S. COLLINGWOOD.



## LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

## GOODWOOD RACES, JULY 25, 26, 27, and 28.

A SPECIAL TRAIN (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave Victoria at 7.20 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 7.5 a.m., Clapham Junction at 7.25 a.m., London Bridge 7.20 a.m., and Croydon (East) at 7.40 a.m. for Drayton and Chichester; returning from Chichester and Drayton at 7.20 p.m., except on Friday, when the return time will be 6.30 p.m. Return Fares, 22s. 6d., 18s., and 10s. 10d.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (3rd Class only) will leave Victoria 8.40 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 8.25 a.m., Clapham Junction 8.45 a.m., London Bridge 8.40 a.m., direct to Singleton, arriving about 11.20 a.m.; returning from Singleton 6.25 p.m., except on Friday, when the return time will be 6 p.m. Return Fare, 10s. 3d.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st and 2nd Class) will leave Victoria 9 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 8.40 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.5 a.m., London Bridge 9 a.m., and Croydon (East) 9.25 a.m. for Drayton and Chichester; returning from Chichester and Drayton at 6.10 p.m., except on Friday, when the trains will return immediately after the Races. Return Fares, 26s. and 20s.

AN EXTRA SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st Class only) will leave Victoria 9.45 a.m. for Drayton and Chichester direct; returning from Chichester and Drayton on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday at 6 p.m., and on Friday immediately after the Races. Return Fare, 30s.

TICKETS for the Special Trains may be obtained previously at the London Bridge and Victoria Stations, and at the West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, which offices will remain open till 10 p.m. on July 25, 26, and 27.

VISITORS staying at Brighton, Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, Hayling Island, Southsea, Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, or Cowes, during the Goodwood Week will find ample accommodation to and from the Races by Special Fast Trains every day at convenient hours.

## PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT, via the Direct Mid-Sussex Route, from Victoria and London Bridge, the West-End and City Stations.

Fast Through Trains and Boat Service as under—

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Victoria ... .. dep.	6 35	10 30	11 35	1 0	1 45	3 55	4 55	7 17		
London Bridge ... .. "	6 45	10 25	11 40	C	1 50	2 30	4 0	4 55	5 0	7 25
Portsmouth ... .. arr.	9 25	1 0	2 15	3 30	4 25	5 10	6 40	7 0	7 40	10 25
Cowes ... .. "	11 23	3 17	4 27	5 35	6 37	7 55	7 55	9 7		
Ryde ... .. "	10 15	1 50	3 0	4 45	5 10	6 25	7 30	7 40	8 35	
Sandown ... .. "	10 44	2 39	3 37	5 45	5 45	6 56	8 19	8 19	9 24	
Shanklin ... .. "	10 51	2 45	3 45	5 52	5 52	7 0	8 25	8 25	9 30	
Ventnor ... .. "	11 4	2 58	3 36	6 6	6 6	7 10	8 39	8 39	9 40	

C—Cheap Trains run on Saturdays and Tuesdays only.

(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

## SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—NEW and IMPROVED SERVICE

to the WEST of ENGLAND, North and South Devon, via Salisbury, Yeovil, and Exeter. The shortest route by many miles. Fast Express Trains between London and Exeter in 3½ hours, Plymouth in 5½ hours, and Ilfracombe in six hours. All trains are First, Second, and Third Class.

The New Line from Launceston to Tresmeer is now open, and the North Cornwall Coach runs to and from Tresmeer instead of Launceston. The Coach Service to Camelford, Wadebridge, Padstow, &c., has been greatly accelerated.

EVERY WEEKDAY until further notice, a Coach will leave Tresmeer at 5.40 p.m. in connection with the 11 a.m. Express from Waterloo, arriving at Halworthy at 6.35, Tresparrett 7.5, Boscawen 7.30, and Tintagel 8 p.m. A Coach will also leave Tintagel at 7.30 a.m., Boscawen 8.10, Tresparrett 8.45, Halworthy 9.15 a.m., in connection with the Fast Train leaving Tresmeer at 10.15 a.m., arriving at Waterloo at 5 p.m.

The trains to Exeter connect with trains on the South Devon Line to Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Dartmouth, &c.

SWANAGE and WEYMOUTH.—Improved Service between London, Weymouth, and Swanage in 3½ hours by the new direct line via Bournemouth.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Fast Express Trains between Bournemouth and London in 2½ hours. Pullman Cars run in principal trains.

To the ISLE OF WIGHT by four trains—viz., via Portsmouth Harbour, via Stokes Bay (the family route), via Southampton, and via Lymington. Cheap Excursions every Saturday for four days to Southampton, Southsea, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight.

Tourists' Tickets are issued by all trains, available for two months, also to the Channel Islands, Jersey, Guernsey, and to France, Havre, Honfleur, Trouville, St. Malo, Granville, Caen, and Cherbourg, and to Paris, for one month; also for a Tour through Brittany and Normandy.

For full particulars see Company's Time Tables. Information can also be obtained by post from the office of the Traffic Superintendent, Waterloo Station. CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

## MIDLAND RAILWAY.—SUMMER TRAIN SERVICES.

## THE MOST INTERESTING ROUTE TO SCOTLAND.

GLASGOW, GREENOCK, and the Western Highlands and Islands, through the Land of Burns. EDINBURGH, via the WAVERLEY DISTRICT (The Land of Scott). THE FORTH BRIDGE ROUTE TO THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

Depart:—	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) ... ..	5 15	5 15	10 0	10 35	1 30	9 15	9 20
Arrive:—							
Dumfries ... ..	2 0		5 34	6 57	9 33		5 27
Kilmarnock ... ..	3 20		6 49	8 12	10 9		6 49
Ayr ... ..		4 50	7 43	9 0	10 57		8 0
GLASGOW (St. Enoch) ... ..	3 55		7 25	8 50	10 45		7 30
Greenock ... ..	4 48		8 15	9 52	12 0		8 22
Melrose ... ..		2 50		7 20		5 40	
Oban ... ..						1 50	
EDINBURGH (Waverley) ... ..		3 55		8 20		6 40	
Perth ... ..		5 58		10 20		8 37	
Dundee ... ..		6 10		10 35		8 50	
Aberdeen ... ..		8 40		12 30		11 0	
Inverness ... ..				6B10		2 40	
Stranraer ... ..		5 30		8 2	9 57		
BELFAST ... ..			10A35		5+50		

A—Via Stranraer and Larne (Shortest Sea Passage).

B—No connection to this Station on Sundays by this train. + Via Barrow.

## SCOTLAND.

## NEW AFTERNOON EXPRESS TRAINS,

with

## FIRST AND THIRD CLASS DINING CARRIAGES,

are now running between London (St. Pancras) and Glasgow (St. Enoch) in each direction, starting at 1.30 p.m. Luncheon, Dinner (Table d'Hôte), Tea, and other refreshments served en route.

WESTERN HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.—Tourists from London (St. Pancras) and all parts of the Midland Railway can join the G. and S. W. Co.'s new steamers, also the Columbia, Iona, Lord of the Isles, &c., which sail from the Princes' Pier, Greenock (connected by covered way with the Station), for the Clyde and Western Highlands and Islands. DINING CARRIAGES between LONDON and GLASGOW; THROUGH CARRIAGES between LONDON (St. Pancras) and GREENOCK.

## NORTH OF IRELAND, VIA STRANRAER AND LARNE (SHORTEST SEA PASSAGE).

A NEW DAY SERVICE to Belfast, &c., has been established. Passengers leave London (St. Pancras) at 10 a.m., and reach Belfast at 10.35 p.m. the same day; and leave Belfast at 9.5 a.m., arriving at St. Pancras by train due at 10.45 p.m., to which are attached First and Third Class Dining Carriages.

NIGHT SERVICE.—A THROUGH CARRIAGE AND SLEEPING SALOON CAR for London (St. Pancras) is run on the Night Express Train leaving Stranraer Harbour at 8.50 p.m. in connection with the Evening Boat from Ireland, arriving at St. Pancras at 7.35 a.m.

## NORTH OF IRELAND (Via Barrow-in-Furness).

The service to Belfast, via Barrow, has also been improved. Passengers now leave London (St. Pancras) at 1.30 p.m. instead of 12.25. The new fast screw steamer City of Belfast has been placed on this service.

## ACCOMMODATION, &amp;c.

NEW FIRST AND THIRD CLASS DINING CARRIAGES between London and Glasgow. LUNCHEON, DINING, DRAWING-ROOM, and SLEEPING SALOON CARS by some of the Express Trains from and to London (St. Pancras).

FIRST AND THIRD CLASS LAVATORY CARRIAGES on all principal Midland Express Trains.

FAMILY SALOONS, INVALID CARRIAGES, ENGAGED COMPARTMENTS, &c., arranged on application.

See Illustrated Guides, Time Tables, Programmes, &c., giving full information as to Fares, Circular Tours, &c. Derby, July 1893.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

## LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.

(West Coast Route.)

## NEW CORRIDOR TRAINS,

with

Refreshment and Dining Cars

attached, for

## FIRST AND THIRD CLASS PASSENGERS,

are now run between

LONDON (Euston) and GLASGOW (Central)

at the following times—

	P.M.		P.M.
LONDON (Euston) ... .. dep.	2 0	GLASGOW (Central) ... .. dep.	2 0
Birmingham ... .. "	3 35	Preston ... .. arr.	6 17
Liverpool (Exchange) ... .. "	5 50	Manchester (Victoria) ... .. "	7 26
Manchester (Victoria) ... .. "	5 35	Liverpool (Exchange) ... .. "	7 2
Manchester (Exchange) ... .. "	5 40	Birmingham ... .. "	9 20
Preston ... .. "	6 37	LONDON (Euston) ... .. "	10 45
GLASGOW (Central) ... .. arr.	10 45		

LUNCHEON, DINNER, and other REFRESHMENTS will be served en route at the

following charges—

LUNCHEONS (served after Departure of Train).

First Class, 2s. 6d. | Third Class, 2s.

Also à la carte at Buffet charges as per daily Bill of Fare.

TEAS (Served from 4.30 to 6 p.m.).

Pot of Tea, Roll, and Butter, 6d.

Other Refreshments at Buffet charges as per daily Bill of Fare.

DINNER (Table d'Hôte) (served after leaving Preston).

First Class, 3s. 6d. | Third Class, 2s. 6d.

Commencing Aug. 1, in addition to the Refreshment and Dining Cars to and from Glasgow, a Refreshment and Dining Saloon will be run to and from Edinburgh, and Corridor Vehicles also placed in circuit between Liverpool and Manchester and Edinburgh and Glasgow. Until this arrangement comes into operation, Passengers for Edinburgh and the North can make use of the Glasgow Refreshment and Dining Saloon as far as Carlisle.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager, London and North-Western Railway.

JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

London, July 1893.

## GREAT NORTHERN, NORTH-EASTERN, AND NORTH BRITISH RAILWAYS.

## EAST COAST "EXPRESS" ROUTE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

FIRST AND THIRD CLASS CORRIDOR DINING CARS are run on the up and down Express Trains which leave London (King's Cross) and Edinburgh respectively at 2.30 p.m. as below—

	P.M.		P.M.
LONDON (King's Cross) ... .. dep.	2 30	EDINBURGH ... .. dep.	2 30
Nottingham ... .. "	4 0	Berwick ... .. "	3 50
Grantham ... .. "	4 37	Newcastle ... .. "	5 15
York ... .. "	6 25	Darlington ... .. "	6 1
Thirsk ... .. "	6 55	Thirsk ... .. "	6 33
Darlington ... .. "	7 27	York ... .. "	7 10
Newcastle ... .. "	8 19	Doncaster ... .. "	7 52
Berwick ... .. "	9 44	Newark ... .. "	8 38
EDINBURGH ... .. arr.	11 0	Grantham ... .. "	9 1
Passengers for stations south of Darlington will not be conveyed by the train which leaves London at 2.30 p.m.		Peterborough ... .. "	9 38
		LONDON (King's Cross) ... .. arr.	11 10

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager, Great Northern Railway.

GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager, North-Eastern Railway.

J. CONACHER, General Manager, North British Railway.

## ADDITIONAL EXPRESS TRAINS are run on Weekdays as below, viz.—

	P.M.		A.M.
LONDON (King's Cross) ... .. dep.	2 35	NEWCASTLE ... .. dep.	7 0
Grantham ... .. "	4 45	Sunderland ... .. "	7 22
York ... .. "	6 23	South Shields ... .. "	7 0
Thirsk ... .. "	6 58	West Hartlepool ... .. "	7 10
Stockton ... .. "	7 38	Middlesbrough ... .. "	7 42
Sunderland ... .. "	8 30	Stockton ... .. "	8 5
South Shields ... .. "	8 55	York ... .. "	9 25
NEWCASTLE ... .. "	8 55	Retford ... .. "	10 26
		Grantham ... .. "	11 10
		Peterborough ... .. "	11 47
		LONDON (King's Cross) ... .. arr.	1 52

It is intended to attach Dining-Cars to the Additional Trains on and after Tuesday, Aug. 1.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager, Great Northern Railway.

GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager, North-Eastern Railway.

BRUSSELS and the ARDENNES (Belgian Switzerland), via Harwich and Antwerp, by GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S steamers every week day. Cheapest Continental Holiday. London, Antwerp, Brussels, Dinant, steamer on the Meuse to Namur and back, 38s. 3d.; London, Antwerp, Brussels (for the Field of Waterloo) and back, 29s.

NEW SERVICE, via the HOOK of HOLLAND, daily (Sundays included). Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8 p.m., and the principal towns in the Midland and Northern Counties in the afternoon, for Harwich direct. A Dining Car from York. HAMBURG, from Harwich by G.S.N. Company's steamers, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Through tickets and tours to all parts of the Continent. Read "Walks in the Ardennes," at all bookstalls, price 6d. Particulars, apply at 61, Regent Street, W., or to the Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

## "GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH."

An eminent physician once replied to a remark that drink was the curse of England, "Not drink, Sir, *bad* drink." We English have become of late years a whisky-drinking people. Time was when brandy was the spirit chiefly consumed by the upper classes and gin by the lower, and Hogarth's pictures give us a fair idea of the effect of such consumption in the appearance of the consumer. Our medical men, of late years, while pinning their faith to brandy as an unequalled medicine in certain cases, invariably prescribe whisky as a beverage, taken by preference with aerated water; so that whisky and soda is probably now the most common of all drinks among the upper and middle classes, and the blending and storage of whiskies for the English market has become quite an important industry. It is now, indeed, possible to get magnificent whiskies, well matured by age, at reasonable prices, healthful and pleasant to the palate. We lately tasted some samples blended by the eminent Dundee firm, Messrs. J. Robertson and Son, who have opened a London office at 4, Great Tower Street, for the purpose of supplying cases to the public direct, and we think we have never tasted finer Scotch whisky. At prices varying according to age, from a seven-year-old blend for ordinary purposes to the liqueur whisky at five shillings the bottle, these whiskies should please the most critical connoisseur and obtain the commendation of medical men.

## THE WRONG PLACE.

HE: Do you know, darling, I have never kissed anyone before?  
SHE: Well, this is no Kindergarten.



THE CARTOON OF THE WEEK.



"VIVE LA GLOIRE!"



## ALL ABROAD.

The most exciting event abroad continues to be the relations between France and Siam, arising, so M. Develle told the French Chamber, from the successive encroachments of the Siamese on the French possessions of Cambodia and Annam and from the tardy redress awarded to outraged French subjects. He declared that France had never desired to interfere with the independence of Siam.

The French ultimatum demands that all the territory on the left bank of the Mekong be evacuated by the Siamese, the islands, moreover, to belong to France, and that a general indemnity of £120,000 be paid, together with special compensations for the outrages on natives or protégés of the Republic.

Another advance which must interest this country is the movement of Russia in the Pamirs. A writer in the Vienna *Presse* says: "Russia professes that a strong necessity exists for a speedy settlement of the Pamir boundary question, near the Hindoo Koosh, not only that she may be enabled to defend her own territory, but in the interest of the Pamir tribes, who have given repeated proofs of their loyalty to the Czar."

The German Emperor has greeted with "joyful satisfaction the successful measures" for the reorganisation of his army, and he has written a letter of thanks to Chancellor Caprivi, to whom belongs "the chief merit of having consummated this work, by the technical ability, statesmanlike judgment, and strenuous devotion" he has displayed in every stage of the proceedings.

Russia is credited with the intention of replying to the German Army Bill by the formation of a 19th and a 20th Army Corps.

Anti-Semitism in Germany has surely reached the very climax of idiocy when it denounces as a conspiracy a proposal to raise a monument at Mainz to Heine, who, as everyone knows, was a Hebrew. One scribe, in particular, execrates the proposal to raise a monument to "Germany's shame on the banks of the German Rhine."

The fodder famine in Austria and Germany has led to the export of provender being prohibited, but in France it has given a fillip to the discovery of Mr. Kuhn, who transforms tree twigs and leaves into food for horses and cattle.

Northern Italy has been visited by a disastrous tornado. Many houses and churches have been wrecked by the storm.

The Belgian Chamber has unanimously voted an annual stipend of 4000 fr. to all members of Parliament in lieu of the present monthly allowance of 200 fr. during the session to members not residing in Brussels. Free railway journeys to Brussels have also been granted.

Many interesting relics of the old Republic of Venice have been discovered recently in the famous lagoons during dredging operations, which are being carried on to deepen the passage between the islands of San Giorgio Maggiore and San Servolo. The latest find is a huge column, the companion of the two great granite monoliths which stand in the Piazzetta of St. Mark, whence they were brought in the fourth century from Constantinople.

Another discovery, still more interesting, is that made by Herr Dörpfeld, the director of the German Archaeological Institute at Athens. He believes he has discovered the remains of the actual Troy of Homer in the sixth stratum. The excavations have been carried out at the expense of Madame Schliemann and the German Government.

The financial crisis in the United States is declared to have been confined to the "boom cities" of the Far West and the South.

Our own Government, as the Archbishop of Canterbury regretfully reminded the subscribers to the British School at Athens on Thursday, is less generous. The chief work which the school has now in hand is the excavation of Megalopolis, a city two miles and a half wide, which his Grace described as one of the concrete marvels of ancient history.

The Englishmen who assisted Major von Wissman in his recent steamer enterprise have been presented with valuable gifts by the German Anti-Slavery Society.

The foreign trade of Japan has increased 150 per cent. within the last ten years, though with this country it is steadily declining, mainly owing to our smaller import of silk.

One part of the world is kept in touch with the other by 1168 submarine telegraph lines, extending over 140,344 nautical miles. The Government of this country alone owns 115 cables, to say nothing of the lines belonging to private companies.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

## LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

The National Fête passed off very quietly this year, owing principally to bad weather, and also because the people feel very sore about the determined action of the police against the public during the late students' riots, when one man was killed and several seriously injured. Among the honours given on this day, M. Zola was decorated, to the general satisfaction. M. Alphonse Moutte, a pupil of Meissonier and a landscape-painter of note, was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, as was also M. Alfred Guillon, a seascape artist, whose "Les Pêcheuses de Crevettes" and "Un Dimanche de Procession" are so well known. He was a pupil of Cabanel and M. Bouguereau.

Paris looks very dull and quite deserted—that is to say, in the fashionable quarters—everybody having hied off to their favourite *bain de mer* or spa. I hear splendid accounts from Trouville, although the large English and American contingents have not yet arrived. Among the many who have taken villas are Comte de Galliffet, Comte Ludzor, Comte Castro, MM. Dreyfus, Lawrence, De la Forest Divonne, Alex. Greger, Groyd, &c. At Deauville are Marquis de Portès, Baron d'Erlanger, Comte de St. Paul, Baron de Soubeyran, Duc de Morny, Baron Lejeune, Comte I. de Beaumont, the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, MM. Achille Fould (owner of the yacht *Sans Peur*), Henry Ridgway, Dollfus, Edmond Blanc, Mallet, George Munroe, Madame Porges, Captain Arthur Boyd, &c.

The celebrated African explorer, Commandant Monteil, during a violent thunderstorm at Vichy last week, was precipitated to the ground by a flash of lightning, which struck the earth a few yards off. The shock was so severe that he was confined to his bed for several days afterwards. It seems strange that, having braved innumerable dangers safely in the Soudan, the gallant Commandant should meet with such an extraordinary accident in peaceful Vichy.

From Marseilles comes a piece of very interesting and most unusual news. A very rich foreign young princess, staying in the town, accompanied by a sole attendant, has given birth to four children, three boys and a girl. All are reported as doing very well.

Madame Buloz has obtained a divorce from her husband, M. Buloz, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The latter has resigned his post on that periodical.

M. Max Lebaudy has lost his case, and his mother, consequently, has gained hers. A *conseil judiciaire* has been appointed for the youthful Cæsus, to prevent him from squandering his huge fortune. Madame Lebaudy's solicitor, M. Pérard, gave a list of extravagances the young man had indulged in. He bought some jewels for £64,000, which a few months later he re-sold for less than £8000; he had given to an acquaintance £20,000 to carry on some mines in Norway, and in one evening he spent £500 at a restaurant near Monte Carlo, entertaining some very doubtful friends. He claims that all this severity on his mother's part arises simply from the fact that he refuses to go round the world as she and the rest of the family desire, and for which she purposely bought the yacht *Semiramis*, manned by a crew of two hundred hands, and the most magnificent and luxurious boat afloat.

A sale of a celebrated collection of stamps formed by a native of Bordeaux realised the considerable sum of 60,000 fr. It may interest philatelists to know that four of the first issue of the island of Mauritius were included in this collection.

A huge forest is on fire near Avignon, the Forest of Luberon, composed principally of very fine oaks and pines. The 58th Regiment has been set to work to try and extinguish it, but at the time of writing has not succeeded. The damage is enormous. The fire is supposed to have been started, as usual, by some careless person throwing a lighted match into the inflammable bracken and furze, or else caused by picnickers not having properly extinguished their fire. The forest is situated in the communes of Merindol, Menerbes, Le Cheval Blanc, and Robion.

The Comtesse de Martel, alias "Gyp," is *en villégiature* at Tigre-les-Bains; Madeleine Lemaire is at her Château de Réveillon; Judith Gautier at her Villa des Oiseaux, near Saint-Enogat; Mlle. Bartet is in the Tyrol, Suzette Reichenberg is faithful to Cabourg always, and Jane Hading is still in her beloved Paris.

M. Saint-Amand, retired carpet and furniture dealer, of Toulon, claims to have found in his collection of old pictures and art curiosities a missing Raphael, and one said to be in the great master's best style. The canvas is 14 in. by 11 in. wide, and represents the Virgin holding in his cradle the infant Jesus, who is caressing St. John. Near them is St. Elizabeth. It appears that this particular subject was painted twice by Raphael. The first copy, which belonged originally to the Abbé de Brienne, was eventually bought by Louis XIV., and is at the present time in the Louvre. The other copy was given by the Marquis de Fontenay to the Duc de Mazarin. It was taken to Rome, and during the Revolution it was lost, after having previously passed through many hands. It seems, therefore, very probable that M. Saint-Amand is the fortunate possessor of this precious lost picture. MIMOSA.







## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Duke of Richmond and the Earl of March have had a pile of correspondence to answer of late. All sorts and conditions of men have applied to be put on the free list, and other favours have also been besought. Every letter is attended to with scrupulous care. Now and again the Duke replies in person, and a few years ago he answered in the negative the application of a young fellow who desired permission to erect a tent in the ducal park and take up his abode there during the time the meeting was in progress.

A remarkable feature in connection with the present season is the dearth of really good two-year-olds. If we except Lord Rosebery's *Illuminata* colt, Prince Soltykoff's *Speed*, Mr. Baird's *Sempronius*, Mr. Cooper's *Glare*, and, perhaps, Mr. Blake's *Delphos*, the youngsters which have sported silk this season have shown themselves in the light of second-class two-year-olds. The consensus of opinion is in favour of the *Illuminata* colt, and Matthew Dawson is personally superintending the preparation of the unnamed one—that is, when his health permits, for I regret to say that he is still far from well—indeed, a few weeks ago his condition caused his friends serious alarm. There appear, too, to be very few juveniles in the background of whom great things are expected. Mr. Cooper's filly *Rose of Hampton*, purchased for her present owner by Mat Dawson for 800 guineas, has been satisfactorily tested; while of the other Newmarket trainers Jewitt has, perhaps, one or two that, while not able—to use a Turf colloquialism—"to catch pigeons," are likely to be seen to advantage. John Porter has a moderate batch of youngsters.

As A. White, or "Tiny," as he is called by his friends, holds a retainer from the Earl of Rosebery, he is very likely to ride the Derby winner of 1894.



Photo by Sherborn, Newmarket.  
A. WHITE.

White is probably one of our richest jockeys. He is a splendid judge of a horse, and, although not, perhaps, a fashionable rider, he is, all the same, a capable one. White has brought off some coups in his time. Perhaps the biggest was when he got *Sailor Prince* home a head in front of *St. Mirin* for the Cambridge-shire. Even poor *Fred Archer* (who, by-the-bye, lies buried within 300 yards of the winning-post) admitted that White rode a masterly finish. Tiny is quite the dandy. He dresses

well, and always wears a pleasant smile, which shows that he has little to trouble him.

It is rather strange for the Jockey Club to grant a fixture to Alexandra Park next Monday. But this was done so that the Alexandra Park Meeting should not clash with Hurst Park, to be held on the August Bank Holiday, as the clashing last year resulted in the partial failure of both meetings. I notice, by-the-bye, that the Alexandra Park and racecourse is to let, and it could be rented for twenty-one years at £3000 per annum. Now would be the time to remove the headquarters of the Turf to Wood Green. The course is in direct railway communication with Newmarket, and I am sure the Jockey Club would make the enclosure pay well if they gave us two days' racing per week on the Alexandra Park course. The palace would make a splendid club house, and the track could be made perfect at a small outlay.

Brighton is very full just now for the Sussex fortnight. Several of the leading owners and bookmakers have taken houses at London-by-the-Sea, but the jockeys patronise the leading hotels, although some of them have to leave overnight for Newmarket, to ride in gallops in the morning, and then return to the south coast to engage in the racing in the afternoon.

Now that great improvements have been made on the Lewes racecourse, no doubt an attempt will be made to strengthen the list of members of the Southdown Club. The exclusive spirit reigned supreme among the committee some years back, and even Sir Blundell Maple was refused as a member—a very arbitrary and silly action, as the Member for Dulwich was at the time a strong patron of racing. Wiser counsels prevail now, I believe, and the noble army of ex-blackballers have lost their activity. The club could be made one of the strongest and best in the country, seeing the number of races decided at the meeting wherein amateurs can ride.

## THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"LOVE IN TANDEM," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

The mistake was in treating "*La Vie à Deux*" as a tandem. No doubt all the elder generation really look on married life as a question of single file, with man in the front, but those very modern creatures, the American girls, consider that husband and wife should be harnessed abreast, or that the mare should lead the horse. Now, Miss Aprilla Skinastone, of Chicago, was a very modern girl, as modern as they can make them, even in America.

Richard Tompkinson Dymond was a New York lawyer, too rich to practise, who for years had gone through all the gaiety of New York society, and that means pretty heavy work, since there is a whirlpool of pleasure in New York such as we Londoners can hardly conceive. It is the result of the fact that New York is enormously rich, and yet is small enough to be a place: there is no such place as London. In due course Dymond's liver and digestion suffered, and he grew sick of Society with a big "S." So he resolved to marry and settle down. He did not fall in love with a New York girl—the cynic would say he saw them too often—but chose a wife in Chicago, Miss Aprilla, daughter of a miserly millionaire.

It was simply a case of *Lady Teazle* over again. As soon as Aprilla got to New York and saw life, she took to it as a salamander to fire. Consequently, the second state of Dymond was worse than the first. He had to live the life of balls, &c., over again, but under less favourable circumstances than of old. As a bachelor he could choose where he went, and as a wealthy, unmarried man he was courted and made a fuss over; as a married man, however, he had to follow his wife, and was degraded to the position of the husband of the charming Mrs. Dymond, and consequently ignored.

Poor Richard's liver and digestion grew worse rapidly, and his temper, too—in fact, he developed nerves. It is a singular fact that "nerves," formerly "migraine" or megrims (curious corruption of "hemi-crania"), once the exclusive property of women, since the Married Women's Property Act have been indulged in by men. A high-spirited girl like Aprilla did not patiently endure the nerves and irritability of her husband, and they quarrelled like opposing barristers in a libel case. Gust followed gust of passion, till the great gale came. He was the more reasonable, and endeavoured to prevent the sinking of the ship in the storm, but in vain. "Incompatibility of temper" was the wife's cry, and she petitioned for a dissolution of marriage.

No sooner was the petition on the file than her demeanour changed. She began to treat her husband as the jailers treat the condemned man, and lavished affection on him. Never did man delight more in the law's delay than Richard. Now, Aprilla was resolved to make her husband happy. He required a domesticated wife, and she could not play the part—so much seemed clear to her. Therefore, she resolved to find a wife for him who should possess the qualities that she lacked and he needed. So Aprilla began to look round. The task was doubly difficult: prospect of loss of him revived in her heart the affection which had only slumbered. Yet her pride would not allow her to admit this. The affection led to a feeling analogous to jealousy of her successor, so she wanted to find Richard a mate not charming enough to make him forget the first Mrs. Dymond, yet pleasing enough to render him happy.

She first turned her attention to the widows, a venture that did not succeed; they all seemed willing enough—in fact, displayed an eagerness that disgusted her. One, a foreigner with many names, seemed fit for the situation, till Aprilla learnt that she had already buried three husbands. She resolved to keep Richard out of such a mare's nest. Suddenly she fancied that under her very nose was what she wanted, in the pretty shape of her ward and cousin, Tetty, who was very fond of poor Dick. Unfortunately, Cousin Tetty was in love with someone else, and when Aprilla spoke to her of marriage she eagerly agreed, thinking that the someone else was referred to.

Aprilla, victim of a misunderstanding, went to tell her husband, and broke the news to him in a roundabout way, and told him he would find a photo of his future on the mantelpiece. Ere he got there the photos had been changed, and he found that of a charming music mistress—Madame Lauretta—to whom he proposed promptly. She was the divorced wife of Donald Littlejohn, Richard's friend and fencing master, to pique whom she pretended to favour Richard's addresses. Littlejohn, in order to turn the tables, began to court Aprilla. Here was a pretty game of cross-purposes that could only end to the disadvantage of the lawyers engaged in the divorce proceedings. It does not seem quite fair to tell exactly how the reconciliations were brought about, and those who are anxious to know had better go to Mr. Daly's theatre.

Assuming that the play has been cut since the first night, it is well worth seeing. Then the amusing incidents seemed like oases in a desert of dialogue, but if, as I suspect, the journeys between them have been shortened, "*Love in Tandem*" will seem a merry drive to everyone. It cannot be called a work of fine art or originality. Indeed, either Mr. Daly or the French authors have borrowed liberally from "*Divorçons*" in their theme, and tried to disguise a borrowing, which, I fear, was not a loan, by overlading it with a mass of irrelevancies. Miss Ada Rehan, as Aprilla, had nothing to do that she has not done before in London, and I can hardly say more than that she did it as no one else could, and acted throughout in a style of pure comedy. There are two schools of farcical acting—the *Hawtreys* and the other. As I like the *Hawtreys*, I do not admire the boisterous work of Mr. Bourchier. Mr. James Lewis was amusing as the papa-in-law, and three young ladies were charming—the Misses V. Vanbrugh, I. Irving, and Florence Connon.

E. F.-S.





HERR MAX ALVARY AS SIEGFRIED IN WAGNER'S OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.



## "ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The deficit on the financial year in Victoria is £1,441,000, but it is estimated that this will be reduced to £1,146,000 before the end of the ensuing financial year. The Treasurer in his Budget speech gave an exhaustive review of the history of the colony during the past forty years, refuting the theory of its detractors that the development of the colony has been merely due to borrowed capital.

He showed that gold worth £232,000,000 had been raised, and the imports had amounted to £656,000,000, of which £315,000,000 were from Great Britain. The exports in the same period had amounted to £571,000,000.

Of the total amount borrowed by the colony £36,600,000 had been expended on railways, besides £7,395,000 on irrigation and waterworks, all of which were of a reproductive character. The primary cause of the present depression was not local, but world-wide. It was due to the falling value of products, especially of wheat and wool.

The Queensland Government are to carry out a sweeping scheme of retrenchment in the Civil Service, by which the services of 600 officials will be dispensed with and £300,000 saved.

The Grand Old Man of Australia, Sir Henry Parkes, has just celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday with a great dinner at his Sydney residence. Perhaps he will once more rule the destinies of New South Wales.

Sir Robert Duff has already made a great hit in New South Wales. At all the balls in Sydney ladies wear Duff tartan rosettes, and at concerts little but Scotch music is heard.

The wine-growing industry in New South Wales has been retarded because other industries have been more remunerative. The *Sydney Mail* thinks that the growers have hitherto placed too much dependence on the colonial requirements. Australians are not to any great extent consumers of wine, but wine is wanted in Europe. It is the export trade which the vine-growers should strive to obtain, and to do this there must be a greater volume of production. The import of Australian wines into this country during the past six months was 260,231 gallons, an increase of 82,885 gallons on the import for the corresponding period last year.

As the population of Western Australia has reached 60,000, the Legislative Council, the members of which have hitherto been nominated, become elective.

New Zealand's Labour Bureau is a success, especially in moving labour from congested districts to places where a natural demand has absorbed it. The Tasmanian Labour League has appointed a sub-committee to investigate the sweating question.

An International Exhibition is to be held at Hobart, Tasmania, during the summer of 1894-5, its objects being to promote and foster industry, science, and art. It will cover eleven acres of ground.

The latest Australian smash is that of the Mercantile, Finance, Trustees, and Agency Company of Australia.

It appears that thirty of the Matabeles who made a raid on Victoria, Mashonaland, were chased and killed, and further fighting is feared.

Mr. Chan-Toon, the clever young Burmese barrister, who is on the eve of leaving London, where he has been sojourning since March, gives it as his opinion that, generally speaking, there can be no doubt about the beneficent effects of British rule in Burma, although much remains to be done in perfecting the administration of the country. As to the recent resolution of the House of Commons for holding the Indian Civil Service examinations simultaneously in England and India, he says: "We in Burma would rather be ruled by Englishmen than by any Indian rule."

It may be remembered that in the 1888 legal examinations Mr. Chan-Toon carried all before him, and that the Benchers of the Middle Temple paid him the highest compliment a student can receive, in recognition of his commanding abilities, which enabled him to win many much-coveted scholarships. Since that time he has been in Burma, practising the law, and has officiated as the Judge of the Court of Small Causes at Rangoon.

British Columbia has a grievance. There are five Supreme Court judges, three of whom are ordained by statute to reside on the mainland and two on the island of Vancouver, in which the capital, Victoria, is situated. But four of the judges insist on "huddling themselves together at the capital, at the extreme south-western corner of the province, and on an island a day's journey from the seaboard of the mainland, where, at the very least, three-fifths of the judicial work arises." The Minister of Justice has been petitioned to enforce the statute.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Pure and wholesome.  
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Entirely free from alum.  
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Largest sale in the world.—[ADVT.]

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Besant has been giving it as his opinion that in fifty years time the world will put Stevenson, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, and Barrie—"who, to my mind, are intellectually our four best living writers—on a level with any writers of fiction we have had. Especially I admire Kipling; I love Kipling. He is a real genius, that fellow." It is somewhat astonishing that Mr. Besant does not name the President of the Society of Authors; but he is to be commended for his frankness.

Mr. Besant went on to say that where Scott had in his day one reader Kipling has now ten. "Put English-speaking people at a hundred millions. If a man becomes a popular favourite, he addresses at least a quarter of this body—that is to say, a popular favourite at the present day has an audience which Scott and Dickens never dreamed of and Dickens never achieved." Let us put this statement to the test of figures. The highest circulation of any of Mr. Kipling's books is announced as something over 70,000. What is, what was, what has been the circulation of Dickens's books? We know that when published in shilling parts the first print was 30,000, and the numbers that followed were beyond calculation. The notion that Mr. Kipling has been read by twenty-five million people is, I fear, an exaggeration. Of course, it is true that one or two favourite magazines have now a very large sale, although the popular ideas about this are far in excess of the facts. Excluding one periodical, I do not think there is any of the sixpenny magazines which has so large a sale to-day as the *Cornhill* had in the days of its early triumphs. At that time the *Cornhill* cost a shilling, and was made up of literature.

The most thorough and penetrating criticism of Mr. Barrie which has appeared was published in the last number of the *Church Quarterly Review*. The writer was Mr. S. L. Gwynne, of Clifton. Mr. Gwynne, who was an Oxford first-class man, is a son of the Rev. Dr. Gwynne, the eminent Syriac scholar of Trinity College, Dublin. He has made a study of Maarten Maartens, and a critical article on that writer from his pen will appear in the August number of the *Bookman*.

Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward have spent nearly all this season at their house at Tring, as their town house, in Grosvenor Place, has been let. During her occasional visits to town Mrs. Humphry Ward has stayed in a flat at Chelsea, formerly occupied by Miss Ethel Arnold, a well-known lady journalist.

Mr. Benson's "Dodo" is already in its third edition. This is a success not to be wondered at. Even to palates jaded with fiction it gives a sensation, and the author's harum-scarum heroine takes possession of readers as she did of the world she lived in. No wonder he cannot make up his mind about her, whether she is good or bad. If the point were worth inquiring into, possibly we should come to the conclusion that she was bad, but in a healthy fashion, wholesomely wicked. There is certainly a refreshing current of air raised by her dashing career through the pages, and the arrant nonsense she talks is more exhilarating than the wittiest dialogue. Dodo's advice to the Russian princess who was always bored is one of the most delightful things one has had a chance of reading for a long time.

The newest volume of the *Bibliothèque de Carabas* (Nutt) is of more popular interest than some of the previous ones have been. It contains a reprint of an old pamphlet written towards the end of the seventeenth century, but not published probably till 1815, by a Scottish minister, the Rev. Robert Kirk, "The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns, and Fairies." Kirk was not only a staunch believer in the "Folk of Peace," but an interested observer of their ways and their polity. He was on intimate terms with persons gifted with second-sight, and describes and accounts for and justifies this power. Perhaps he had it himself. He was his father's seventh son, and there is a tradition that he did not die in the usual commonplace fashion, but was stolen away to fairyland.

Mr. Andrew Lang writes a delightful introduction to this remarkable pamphlet, and dedicates it, in verse, to Mr. Stevenson, whom he commiserates away in far Samoa thus—

O Louis! you that like them maist,  
Ye're far frae kelpie, wraith, and ghaist,  
And fairy dams, no unco chaste,  
And haunted cell.  
Among a heathen clan ye're placed,  
That kens na hell!

In honour of the quincentenary of Winchester College, two books dealing with school life there fifty years ago have been issued. One is only a new edition of Mr. R. B. Mansfield's "School Life at Winchester College," having been first published in 1860. Its old-fashioned coloured plates, its glossary of peculiar words, give it a curious and picturesque interest.

The new book, which goes over practically the same ground, but in a way of its own, is "Winchester Fifty Years Ago," by the Rev. William Tuckwell, known in the Midlands, and elsewhere, too, as the "Radical Parson." It is brightly written, and contains some capital reproductions of photographs of men and buildings, as well as wood sketches of his old head masters, Moberly and Wordsworth, and of his schoolfellow Frank Buckland, in those days "a shameless and successful poacher," and the beloved of the boys, if not of the masters.

O. O.



## MDLLE. BAUERMEISTER.

## A CHAT AT DRURY LANE.

Those who have had the opportunity of seeing Mdlle. Bauermeister only as Marta in "Faust," or Gertrude in "Roméo et Juliette," would be agreeably surprised if they could take a peep into her dressing-room at Drury Lane, and see the young lady vigorously rubbing out the wrinkles, and effacing the lines which in theatrical make-up spell old, or at least middle, age, with a magic sponge, that many would like to borrow if certain of a like result.

"Is it not rather hard," exclaims the erstwhile Marta, gaily, "that I should so often be condemned to play old parts? But, of course, occasionally I have my chance, when acting Inés in 'La Favorita,' or Ortlinde in 'Die Walküre,' or, again, the Queen of Night in 'Il Flauto Magico.' As a rule, however, I have to resign myself to always appearing as an old woman. I can tell you a curious story about this. You must know that I began singing when very young—in fact, at fifteen years of age. Some time ago I was performing at the Crystal Palace, when my own father was in front; next him was a gentleman, an utter stranger to him. After saying a variety of pleasant things about me and my singing, he turned to my father, and said, 'But who is this Mdlle. Bauermeister? She must surely be the daughter of the old lady of that name who has been singing so long.' 'I do not understand what you mean,' said my father, not realising to whom he was alluding. 'Surely you must have heard of her—I mean the middle-aged lady who takes the part of Marta in 'Faust' at the London Opera House?' 'They are one and the same,' replied my father, rather indignantly. But the gentleman would not be convinced, and went away declaring that he felt sure there was some mistake, and that I must be my own daughter."

"I believe, Mademoiselle, that you, like so many other sweet singers, are of German extraction?"

"Yes, indeed," she exclaimed; "I am quite German. But I love England dearly, for all my artistic triumphs have taken place in this country and America; but I would not be naturalised for the world. I was born in Hamburg, and when a small child sang at a concert, where Madame Titiens, the great singer, happened to hear me. She liked my voice, and brought me to London, where I studied for a long time at the Royal Academy of Music, finally winning a scholarship."

"Then we may claim the credit of your whole musical education?"

"Certainly. I never studied either in Paris or Milan, and do not believe that there is the slightest necessity to do so while there are such excellent masters to be found in London; but I do not for a moment deny that the knowledge of foreign languages is not valuable. For instance, I myself sing equally well, or badly," she added, with a smile, "in English, French, and Italian, and thus I am able at a moment's notice to take anyone's place, and I think I may say that I can take a part in any popular opera that has ever been composed."

"I presume that you have a preference among your composers?"

Mdlle. Bauermeister smiled and hesitated. "I must own to a great tenderness for Wagner's music; and among my most delightful rôles I would mention Magdalene."

"Then you are not one of those singers who believe that Wagner's music ruins the voice?"

"Alas! I must own that I am," she replied, shaking her head. "For instance—I am myself a soprano of exceptional range; but the Master's compositions are very trying, even to my voice. I do not say that they would injure the vocal chords of a singer who had been specially trained in Wagnerian operas, but for those who have learned by the Italian method those sudden changes of register are very trying indeed."

"I suppose, Mademoiselle, that you have had a great deal to do this season?"

"Yes, indeed. I have been singing constantly, and had the great pleasure of appearing in the Royal Marriage gala performance. I can now boast of having sung before the Shah, the Emperor of Germany, and all your royalties this season."

"And I suppose you have seen most of the great singers of the present day?"

"Yes, my opportunities in that way have been unique. I once took a part in opera where Nilsson, Patti, and Madame Titiens were all singing. I must tell you that I believe that a singer can learn a great deal by hearing others sing. She can not only learn what to do, but she can always learn what to avoid. I am going to sing with the two De Reszkés in America next winter. I have already sung in the United States three seasons, and I am eagerly looking forward to my fourth."

"And do you find that your audiences differ much in their appreciation of your efforts to please them?"

"No; music lovers seem much the same all over the world. By-the-way, I often wonder if people realise all they owe to Sir Augustus Harris. Before he rose up in the land," declared Mdlle. Bauermeister, with a dramatic wave of the hand, "Italian opera was dead; he has resuscitated it. We all owe to him a great debt of gratitude for that. 'Who would be an impresario?' added the little lady, clasping her hands. "I would not care to lead that sort of life, not for £500 added to my salary. Everyone round him has to be satisfied, for if a fair singer is displeased it acts on her nerves, and then she cannot sing properly. To drive an impresario's team, you must have the temper of an angel, the firmness of a Prime Minister, and the persuasive ways of a lady-killer."

"Have I any views on stage clothing," she continued, in answer to a question. "Of course, I have. Every woman who is a woman at all has many views both on her own costumes and on those of others. I believe that clothes produce a favourable influence on an artist. For instance, when you are rehearsing in the cold morning, dressed in your everyday gown, it is impossible to imagine yourself a heroine of romance, or a Queen of Night, or even Mamma Lucia in Mascagni's beautiful opera. But when the evening comes, and you are arrayed in your beautiful or quaint habiliments, as the case may be, you forget who you are; everything fades, and you feel that you are indeed the creation of a great composer's brain."

"But I think that now we have talked long enough. I have given you all my views on everything. One thing I beg of you: make it quite clear that I am neither the mother nor daughter of Mdlle. Bauermeister, whom the public are kind enough to applaud so often. No doubt, I shall be old some day, but for the present it is pleasant to be able to say that I am still on the right side of sixty."



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside, E.C.

MDLLE. BAUERMEISTER.

## THE CITY OF THE THREE S'S.

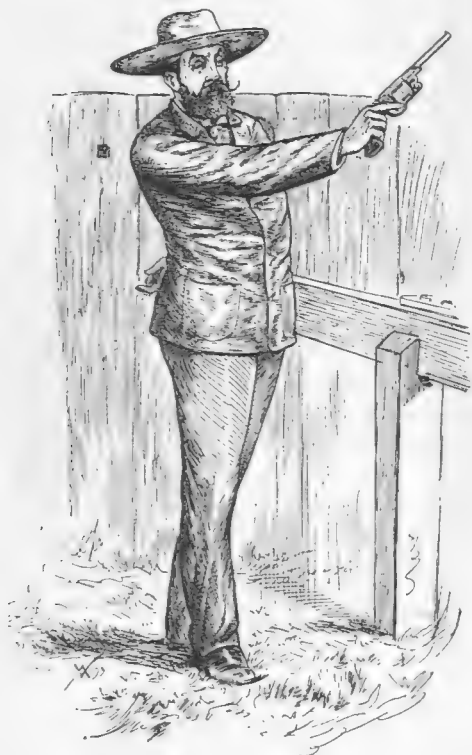
The city of the three S's—"Sin, Sweat, and Sorrow." That is what Rockhampton, the chief port of Central Queensland, is called, and the reason of the title is briefly sketched by Mr. Frank W. Sykes in a pamphlet he has just written on "The Mount Morgan Gold Mine." The city owes its origin to one of the maddest gold rushes Australia has seen, when in 1858 a rush was made on Canoona, twenty miles up the river Fitzroy from the present site of Rockhampton. The rush soon came to an end, after 40,000 oz. of gold had been found, and then the miners made their way back to the "Rocks"—that point on the river where they had to disembark, and which has since blossomed into the town of Rockhampton, which, from its oppressive atmosphere during the hot months, has come to be known as the City of the Three S's. Mount Morgan is twenty-six miles from the city, and was discovered by one of three brothers called Morgan, one of whom is the present Mayor of Rockhampton. Mr. Sykes gives us a glowing account of the mount. It has, he tells us, "no parallel as a gold producer."



## SMALL TALK.

If there was an absence of pretty frocks and charming faces at Lord's last week, when England and Australia tried conclusions, there was an appreciative crowd and some admirable cricket. A fine contrast in batting was the slow and sure display of Shrewsbury in his almost faultless 106, and the dashing 91 of Jackson, the Cambridge captain, who, if he gave some chances—which, by-the-way, were not accepted as they should have been—knocked the Australian bowling “all over the shop” in a manner that won him enthusiastic plaudits. I think we were all disappointed at the absence of Mr. W. W. Read, and many grumblers considered the Surrey amateur had been slighted by non-selection. I believe, however, it was Mr. Read's own wish that prevented his figuring in the eleven. I understand that Mr. Read is now “something in the City,” and that business with him is so prosperous that he has been obliged, to some extent, to sacrifice the game he plays so admirably. I hope it is so—one hears of so little prosperity east of Temple Bar nowadays that it is a real pleasure to imagine the Surrey favourite “making a pot of money” in the same grand style in which he has so often scored.

After witnessing some of the shooting for the Queen's Prize at Bisley on Wednesday afternoon, I gladly accompanied my genial friend Wallis



MR. WALTER WINANS.

Mackay to the Revolver Ranges, to watch him make one of his lightning sketches of the champion revolver shot, Mr. Walter Winans—the son of the American millionaire—whose Bungalow at Bisley has been the show place of the 1893 meeting. Here, every afternoon, could be seen a numerous array of callers, including, besides the pick of military notabilities, some of the *crème de la crème* of London society. I should very much have liked to have arranged a regular interview, for, like most enthusiasts, Mr. Winans is a very interesting personage, but he was so much in request as the authority on revolver shooting and pistol firing that I had not the heart to ask him to grant me the necessary time. In our walk, however, from the ranges to his Camp Cottage, which is hard by, I managed to extract one or two facts

anent his championship record, which is an unbeaten one of six years.

The Bungalow is as dainty a little residence (without sleeping accommodation) as can well be imagined, consisting of drawing-room, dining-room (in which some very distinguished dinner parties have taken place during the fortnight), boudoir, and dressing-room. Everything is in such perfect taste that I can only say that its arrangement is in thorough keeping with the charming and, I may truthfully say, charmingly beautiful lady who presided over its destinies.

I heard in camp that the progress of revolver shooting competitions in this country is mainly due to the lavish liberality of Mr. Winans in the early days of its inclusion in the N.R.A. programme, and I can quite believe it. Be that as it may, I note that the aggregate value of the revolver prizes for 1893 is £225, exclusive of the cup given by Mr. Henry Whitehead, and which is modestly—too modestly, I think—appraised at £30. Mr. Winans is a great authority on trotting, the champion revolver shot, a clever painter, and a successful sculptor, having taken the medal at Sheffield this year.

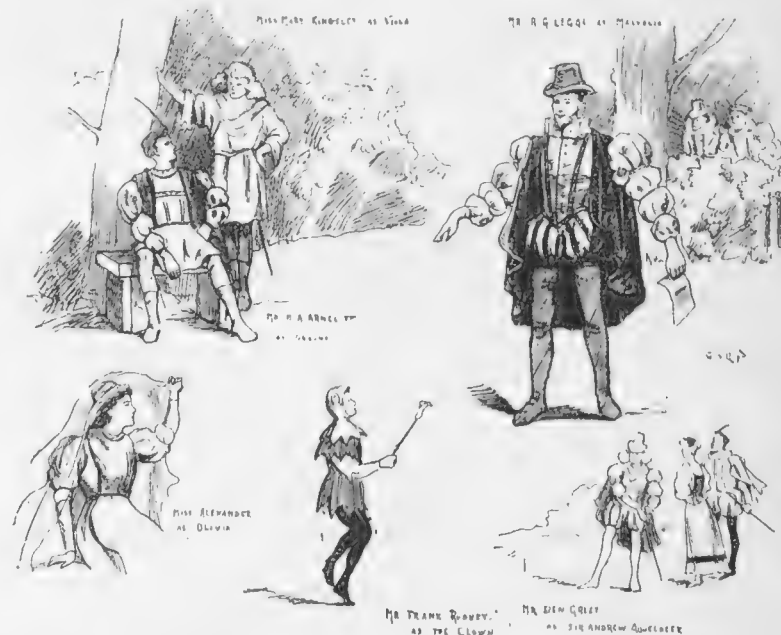
There is something like “invincible ignorance” in the stolid persistency with which English people mix up Highland and Lowland Scotchmen, as if they were all one people, originally speaking one language. In a recent leader in the *Standard*, the writer gently reminds the intending tourist that he will look in vain in Edinburgh for the kilt, and be surprised to find Gaelic as rare in the Scottish capital as Erse is in Dublin!—as if these two characteristics had simply faded away from Edinburgh as other old customs have faded. My contemporary evidently stands in need of the information that the “garb of old Gaul” never was the dress of the Lowlands; nor was Gaelic at any time the speech of the Lowlands. Indeed, the tourist of to-day is more likely to see the kilt and sporran in Auld Reekie than the traveller of two hundred years ago, when Highlands and Lowlands rarely met, save to fight with each other.

How time flies, and how very middle-aged—to say the least of it—some of us are getting! It seems but a little while ago, so fresh is the scene in my memory, that I saw the most gifted of the Terry family, that most delightful actress, Kate Terry, take her farewell at what was then called the “New Adelphi,” as Juliet. Still can I see the tall and graceful actress standing almost buried in bouquets, bowing an answer to the thundering applause, and so overcome with the excitement of her part, the kindly greetings, and the farewell to a public who so appreciated her and a profession she so eminently adorned, that she looked as if every instant she would burst into tears. It seems but yesterday, yet it is nearly six-and-twenty years ago, for it was on Saturday, Aug. 31, 1867, that we parted with this lady, whose place on the English stage, in some respects, has never been supplied. Now we begin to realise how long ago that parting was, for last week the charming actress's charming daughter and namesake, Miss Kate Terry Lewis, was married at St. Mary Abbot's. The bride will have the good wishes of many an old stager whom she has never seen, and who has never seen her—just because she is her mother's daughter.

Who was “Scott of Hoxton”? The question is prompted by the death of his widow, who was buried at Highgate last week. “Scott of Hoxton” was one of the earliest members of the Second Estate to enter the Fourth, where he did good work in the *Christian Remembrancer*, the *Morning Chronicle*, and the *Saturday Review* in its palmy days. He also gave the Fourth Estate one of its most prominent figures in the person of his son, Mr. Clement Scott.

So used are Londoners to seeing their most interesting buildings swept away by the unrelenting tide of “improvement,” that even the demolition of Old Drury, should it take place, will probably evoke but a passing sigh. Yet, to the lover of the stage those walls, though less than a century old, hold among many great theatrical recollections one splendid memory which should make Englishmen strain every nerve to preserve them. It was at Old Drury, the Old Drury that still exists, though altered and improved, that on Jan. 26, 1814, a little “pale, quiet, fearless” man, who had tramped from his mean lodging through the snow and slush to Drury Lane, threw tradition to the winds, “dressed” Shylock in a black wig, and portraying the Jew in all the various phases of his character as the Jew has probably never been portrayed before or since, leaped at one bound not only into popularity but undying fame. The little man was Edmund Kean, and this triumph was the first of a list of magnificent successes. I see that it is said that the Duke of Bedford and his predecessors have lost so large a sum by Old Drury that his Grace does not feel justified in renewing the lease. Yet, if ever a man could afford to be sentimental, surely it is the Duke of Bedford, for the accumulated loss in question can hardly amount to a tithe of his annual rent-roll. As a rule, sentiment and business do not run well in double harness: let us hope that in this case, if it be but to preserve the spot where our greatest actor triumphed over misfortune, and “built himself an everlasting name,” the Duke of Bedford will try the experiment for “a term of years.”

There is a peculiar appropriateness in playing Shakspeare with something of the simplicity which characterised the original production of the plays in those happy, far-off days ere stage realism had created real fountains and gorgeous scenery. That is the object which Mr. Ben Greet and his company of pastoral players have had in view for some years, playing in the open air pretty much as the “vagabonds”—as the



actors of old were called—used to do. On Thursday week the Victoria Relief Fund brought Mr. Ben Greet's company to the front, when they gave a performance of “Twelfth Night” at The Cedars, Lee, by the kind permission of Mrs. Penn. The various parts were played with ability, Mr. Ben Greet and Miss Mary Kingsley, in particular, taking the rôles of Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Viola with great success.



It is well known that the Queen can use her pencil as well as her pen, and her art instincts have been inherited by more than one member of her family, notably by the Marchioness of Lorne, whose statue of her Majesty was unveiled at Kensington the other week. Our colonial cousins have waxed quite enthusiastic over a loan collection of the Queen's water-colour drawings and a set of proof etchings, executed by herself and the Prince Consort, all of which have been exhibited by the



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE AGE OF THREE.—BY THE QUEEN.

Royal Anglo-Australian Society of Artists at Melbourne. One need not, however, go to Melbourne to get an idea of the Queen's work, for an interesting selection from her Majesty's portfolios is reproduced as a Royal Wedding Extra, published by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, for the modest sum of twopence. There you will see curious little sketches of the Empress Frederick of Germany, as a child in arms, and then at the age of twelve months, and again at the age of four, tricked forth in a quaint fancy costume. Here, too, is the Duke of Edinburgh at the age of three, appropriately dressed in the mimic uniform of the service to which he has devoted his life. The Duke of Connaught at the same age was still in petticoats. The Hesse children are also given. But the Queen can use her pencil with skill in other directions, for we find a drawing of her favourite Skye terrier, Islay, made in 1840. Excellent studies of the head of a dachshund, of eagles and pigeons, from the pencil of the Prince Consort, are also given.

The Lady Mayoress held her last reception of the season at the Mansion House on Tuesday, and the function, as may be imagined, was an extensively crowded one. The City, the West End, and the "superior suburbs" foregathered largely to offer congratulations on the wedding honours which have been most appropriately conferred on the Lord Mayor. To attempt the who's who of this function would be as invidious as impossible. Everybody and anybody would not be wide of the mark, for the Lady Mayoress's receptions are open to all who consider themselves sufficiently representative of rank and fashion, as well as her own personal friends. I suppose I need hardly add that we all think ourselves well placed in that category. There was some excellent music as well as much jovial feasting. Sir Stuart and Lady Knill have marked their civic reign by a large hospitality, among other appropriate and appreciated acts. Their next reception is in October.

A stuck-up and conservative scion of the British aristocracy was holding forth a few months since at a friend's house on the number of clubs which yearly bloom like the flowers of—I forget which season—and as quickly scatter themselves and their members like dandelion fluff in all directions. "The cry is not 'Still they come,'" continued this self-satisfied member of White's, Boodle's, the Bachelors', and so forth, but "still they bust." "But the world is larger than it used to be, dear youth," I cried, "and we can't all fit into Arthur's." His wit couldn't surround the question, though. "There isn't a club started this year," he said, "no matter by whom, that will live down twelve months, and I'll take any man a monkey on the chance." I grasped his hand, worked the oracle, started the "New" in common with some other kindred souls, and there we are. Sir Eyre Massey Shaw is our chairman, and I consider that we are a very smart, healthy baby, and are, in fact, already considering how that "monkey" is to be cooked when the time for skinning arrives.

When I was a very small boy, my old nurse, a Devonshire woman, would sing to me, among many other ditties, the adventures of a certain "old rogue," who went away from home, leaving his better half to her devices. The last verse of this delectable ditty ran thus—

This old man came home at last,  
And found his doors and windows fast;  
"Oh! what's the matter?" said he,  
"Oh! what's the matter?" said he,  
"I've been sick since thou'st been gone";  
"I am sorry for that," said he.  
"Pick me an apple from yonder tree";  
"That I'll do in a minute," said he.  
This old man climbed up the tree;  
Parson came out, and away ran he.  
"That's cleverly done," said she,  
"That's cleverly done," said she.

It was many years later that the moral or immoral side of this history dawned upon me. I was reminded of it the other day by the case of *Eyles v. Eyles and Ward*. The husband returned home, and, like the old man in the ballad, found the door fast; but, being more suspicious or less complaisant, demanded information as to who might be his wife's visitor. The lady informed him he was a little late, that that individual, like another more eminent co-respondent, had left by the window. Seizing an axe, Mr. Eyles, who is a carpenter, rushed to the back of the house in eager pursuit. Then the door opened, but, alas! the lady could not exclaim "That's cleverly done," for her spouse had brought with him a constable, and when, not the parson, but the commercial traveller, who was concealed there, rushed forth, his travels began and ended in the arms of that stalwart functionary. Hence proceedings in the Divorce Court.

Mr. Godfrey Rathbone Benson, M.P., whose portrait is reproduced here from the painting by Mrs. Dockray, exhibited at the Nineteenth Century Art Society Galleries in Conduit Street, belongs to a family that has already given the world one notability in the person of that clever actor Mr. Frank Benson. Unfortunately, the term "professional politician" has fallen under reproach, or that phrase might accurately be applied to Mr. G. R. Benson in the best sense. He has been a student of statecraft for a large proportion of his brief career. At Balliol College, which has been the hothouse of many exotics in Parliament, Mr. Benson made strenuous efforts to acquaint himself with political economy and with the true inward meaning of the science of government. He was the deputy lecturer to the loved and lamented R. L. Nettleship. He reached Switzerland, whither he had gone to join Mr. Nettleship on a holiday, just in time to follow his body to the little cemetery among the chalets where they laid the gifted and genial professor. Mr. Benson's success at the General Election was the result of untiring toil following upon defeat at a bye-election in the Mid-Oxfordshire Division. He was away in Spain when the appointment of Mr. F. W. Maclean to a Mastership in Lunacy created a vacancy in the Parliamentary representation. He returned only a few days before the poll, but during that time he made the circuit of his constituency with gallant courage, speaking



MR. GODFREY R. BENSON, M.P.

Painted by Mrs. Dockray.

out-of-doors, in barns, and in crowded halls, with fluent ability and amid growing enthusiasm. His defeat "drove him higher up the steep of fortune," and he reversed the position of affairs at the General Election. He is acting as one of the secretaries to the Minister of Agriculture, and has already made a good impression as a speaker in the House of Commons.



Mr. Augustin Daly brings his first season at his own London theatre to a close on Saturday evening, and he and his "company of comedians" will get a well-earned rest. Mr. Daly, who was born in North Carolina five-and-fifty years ago, has been an inhabitant of Stageland for a very long time, although he has not actually figured before the footlights. Before he was twenty-two he had written five plays, none of which ever



Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY.

saw the light, and then he became a dramatic critic for several New York papers. He started on his memorable managerial career in 1869—he was just thirty-one—by taking the Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York. It was burned down four years later, and so he built a second Fifth Avenue Theatre, and, indeed, a third, which shared the fate of his first venture three years ago. But he did not stop short at one theatre, for Mr. Daly is the Augustus Harris of New York. In 1879 he took the theatre in the Broadway which now bears his name, and, like Druriolanius, he also ran grand opera, and once more took to play-writing, his first success being an adaptation from the German called "Leah, the Forsaken." Since that he has written or adapted a good many plays, familiar by this time to Londoners.

If the ghost, or rather ghosts, of a "corporate body" are permitted to haunt the ancient precincts where their municipal functions were performed, how the civic spirits of the Lord Mayors or Aldermen who flourished in the days of the "First Gentleman in Europe" must have "shrieked and gibbered" at beholding their ancient Guildhall given over last week to an exhibition of the relics of that "atheistic iconoclast," Percy Bysshe Shelley! The whirligig of time has accomplished this as it has accomplished many another thing once deemed outside the range of possibility, and here, in the very stronghold of all that is opposed to Bohemianism, the centre of smug respectability, where, doubtless, the poet's very name was held up to execration, there has, through the energy of Mr. Welch, the librarian of the Corporation, and of Mr. T. J. Wise, the honorary secretary of the Shelley Society, and the kindness of the numerous owners, been collected a most interesting show of Shelley manuscripts and rare editions, with personal relics of the great poet.

A good many of the rarest and choicest editions have been picked up by their fortunate owners for the proverbial "mere song." Perhaps the most notable example is the "Œdipus Tyrannus," of which only seven copies are known to exist, the scathing satire on George IV. which was so mercilessly suppressed. The copy of this priceless pamphlet which belongs to Mr. Buxton Forman, the well-known editor of Shelley, was purchased by him for a shilling at a well-known establishment in the Strand, where plays of all sorts have been bought and stored for many years. Mr. Forman had the lucky inspiration that among the dusty bundles of old plays carefully packed away in "an upper chamber" a copy might exist, and his search was rewarded by a splendid copy, which he obtained for the slender sum I have mentioned.

Without at all confessing to the soft impeachment of being an Egyptologist, I still have a well-developed yearning for all that, in the words of the expressive Hibernian, may be described as "ould ancient" things. And full of this romantic spirit I betook myself a day or two since to Eccleston Square, where the Marquis of Bute opened hospitable doors on a small but highly interesting series of sketches and mural paintings. Some were copies and some originals of ancient Egyptian art, as it may be viewed in the tombs round about Beni Hassan, El Barshal, and elsewhere. The anatomy of birds, fishes, and otherwise, as understood under the Ptolemies, was less edifying than odd. But I was particularly enslaved by an original mural painting, which contained, among other strange objects, a sedan chair, belonging—the legend records—to an individual who lived under the cloud—I mean the name—of Tahutitops. There is a bold and unctuous sound about this cognomen. Anyone wishing to found a family and sink Jones or Smith could not do better than assume Tahutitops. They flourished 2500 B.C. Scott! what a pedigree that would be!

That not one, but several, opium dens exist in the East End of London is already an accredited fact. One hears of these things occasionally, accepts or forgets the rumour, and there is an end of it. But to hear the question openly asked in the House, as I did on Monday from the well-guarded retirement of the "cage," is quite another thing altogether, more particularly when coupled with the horrible suggestion that young English girls frequent these places. I confess I have taken the question seriously to heart, and have been worrying over the possibility ever since of finding out the truth and nothing but the truth. Mr. S. Smith asserts or questions; Mr. Asquith "is informed," and denies the possibility. Where statesmen differ, who shall agree? Setting that aside, however, I mean to "inform" myself, and have hit on a plan which will carry me through, as sure as my name is ——. But I'll reserve my name until I can put it after my experiences.

Everything in its second season becomes cheap, from new beauties to bell skirts, and even fortune-telling, it would appear, pays toll to fate in the same way. I remarked last week that palmistry had died the death in Mayfair, but only to flourish in Holloway, evidently. The fair enchantress, who practises her art at one shilling a head—or, more properly, hand—employs such seductive objects as skulls, mutton bones, dogs' heads, and otherwise in the window of her sanctum. A wicked, not to say artful, bobby enters, exposes his palm, disposes of a shilling, and in this beguiling way throws his spells, or rather cells, around the hapless St. Clair. Now, it is all very nice and kind of the police authorities, of course, to look after her Majesty's subjects so tenderly. Quite right. But why may I be allowed to expend a guinea on the pregnant subject of "my future" in St. James's, I should like to know, and be entirely disallowed the extravagance of sending a shilling on the same errand in St. Giles's? Police authorities, please reply.

Who is there among music-loving Londoners that does not cherish a kindly regard for genial Jules Riviére, who wielded the bâton so successfully at the Promenade Concerts of the past? Some of us have renewed our acquaintance with this Grand Old Man of music at Llandudno, where he and his charming wife are a most popular couple. M. Riviére has just added to the numerous attractions of this most attractive watering-place by building a remarkably fine concert hall, which will seat some thousands of people, and which possesses an excellent stage. Here, during the present season, which was inaugurated on the 1st of this month, there will be some excellent music discoursed, and such popular singers as Miss Lucile Hill, Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli, Miss Amy Sherwin, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and Mr. Norman Salmond will make a welcome appearance. I am sure that M. Riviére, who, by-the-way, has followed the example of other well-known men and published a book of "Recollections," will have the good wishes of all lovers of music in his new venture.

While the Duke of Veragua was being fêted at World's Fair his beautiful residence in Madrid, with its entire furniture, works of art, and library was seized by importunate creditors. If the good people of Chicago were Fair, they were not fair-weather friends, for a committee has been formed in the White City, headed by Mr. T. W. Palmer, president of the Fair Commission, to raise funds, not only throughout the United States, but in all the other American republics and in the West Indies, to put the Duke on his feet again. The funds will be invested in United States securities and held in trust for the benefit of his son, Don Christoval Colon, and his daughter, Doña Maria del Pilar.

Isn't it rather strange that Scotland, as the home of whisky, should have given birth to such a law as the famous Forbes Mackenzie Act, by which no public-house is open on Sunday, or on weekdays before seven in the morning or after eleven at night? A Glasgow contemporary has been raking up the life of Forbes Mackenzie, of whom very little has hitherto been chronicled. It appears that his great-grandfather, like Mr. Gladstone's grandfather, was once Provost of the ancient town of Dingwall. His father was one of Sir Walter Scott's oldest friends, while his mother was a daughter of the great Scotch banker, Sir William Forbes, after whom the legislator was named. Mackenzie represented Peeblesshire in Parliament from 1837 to 1852, when he was elected as Conservative member for Liverpool. It was in that year that he brought forward his famous Act, which just took six months to become law. The fact is noteworthy at a time when Local Veto disturbs poor Bung.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



What it was that made Peter Harrison and me cotton to each other at Cambridge I can't precisely say. Peter was a Corpus man, keen on theology, and eager for holy orders. I was of the Hall, a worldling, already entered at the Temple, but content meanwhile to catch the blossom of the flying terms. We all called him Peter. Some men there are whom one always dubs by their Christian names, though it isn't easy to see why. Perhaps they are jovial, clubbable fellows; perhaps they are buffoons. Well, Peter wasn't. I think we must have called him Peter in recognition of his childlike goodness and simplicity. Anyhow, there was an eternal fitness in the mode of address. As the baffled etymologist remarked of a yorker, "What else could you call him?"

Like most intelligent boys who have never been sent to school, Peter knew a number of things of which the rest of us were deplorably ignorant, but he didn't know life. Had he but jostled against other boys, giving and taking kicks and cuffs, he would have been less sensitive, opinionated, and *gauche*. But he was a wholesome-minded fellow, and his presence in a man's rooms would keep the conversation from sinking to undesirable depths. Something of the Puritan lurked about him. Ardent Churchman though he was, his father had been a deacon at the Baptist chapel in the days before Peter was born, and it was not until the second horse was hitched on to the carriage that old Mr. Harrison forsook Zoar and drove off to the parish church. The Puritan tradition still lingered in the household. In cards, or dancing, or the drama Peter took but a melancholy interest. No man ever seemed less likely than he to kick over the traces or err along the line of the emotions, and it was with a blameless record and a decent degree that he quitted the University and entered as an ecclesiastical suckling at the Training College at Ely.

We had not met since our parting, five years before, on the Cambridge platform, and as my work in the Courts is not particularly engrossing at present, I determined to run down last June, and pay Peter a surprise visit in his rural vicarage at Milton Magna. His quarters were homely, but snug. Rustic porch, thatched roof, climbing honeysuckle, low ceilings, lattice windows—all was as picturesque and as unhealthy as possible. A man who lives in lodgings at Kensington likes to reflect that dwellers in the country pay a price for their rural elegance.

I dined at the Red Lion, and called on my old friend in the evening. He was cordial, but my visit fell flat. There seemed to be some constraint about his manner, and I felt chilled. Venerable Cambridge stories were started, but the humour of the situations had evaporated. Our playful reminiscences were mere gaunt ghosts of jests which once had served to set us in a roar. I walked back to my inn depressed and inclined to call Peter a prig for growing so lugubrious under his clerical responsibilities. As a becoming rebuke to this spiritual pride, I determined not to sit under him next day, and when the bell had rung the congregation into church I slipped a volume of Shelley into my pocket and strolled off for a ramble in the woods. Presently I found my way to a seat on the edge of an old chalk-pit, and here, perched like a bird in a bower (*Avis Piccadilliensis*), after a spell of reading and meditation, I fell into a beatific slumber. Consciousness came back when I heard a conversation in progress in the leafy depths below me, carried on in tones which seemed to my drowsy senses curiously familiar. A man was passionately pleading—

"Ada, give me back my letters, release me from my pledge; be merciful and restore me to my people, to my poor neglected sheep in the wilderness."

I sat up, rubbed my eyes, looked at my watch; it was one o'clock, and there was no doubt about it—these were the heartrending appeals of my friend Peter.

Then came the other party to the duet—

"Peter, a promise is a promise. Haven't you implored me for weeks

to marry you? Haven't you told me that without me to share your lot existence was a mockery and a blank? Haven't you assured me that marriage would increase your influence with your flock? And now, because of some new-fangled whim, am I to be cast adrift? No, Sir! My feelings shall not be tampered with in this fashion for nothing! The time is past for tears"—at this point she sobbed distressingly—"for the future I think only of revenge. A pretty figure you'll cut in court under the harrow of a breach-of-promise Q.C., with damages laid at a thousand pounds!" And then there followed a ripple of silvery laughter. "Bless me!" said I to myself, "it's Maud Fitzosborne, of the Hilarity Theatre! I should know that laugh in the Great Sahara. But what is she doing in this galley? Oh, you wicked little woman! See whether I don't tell your husband, Frank Jones, if this game isn't dropped pretty quick."

The conversation began again, and an abominably mercenary conversation it was. Ada asked for five hundred pounds in settlement; Peter, like an egregious fool, offered one. Negotiations were suspended, when the bell was heard summoning the parish to afternoon service, and, with the promise of an ultimatum on Monday, Peter hurried off to church. When he had gone I presented myself to Mrs. Jones, and



Miss Fitzosborne.



asked for explanations of the little pastoral comedy. She was frightened; she pouted; she said the parson was fair game; she was only giving him a lesson in worldly wisdom. She had been staying for a month at a farm-house, studying a new part; the place was deadly dull; there were absolutely no distractions. One must do something, mustn't one?



*I presented myself to Mrs. Jones.*

The letters? Oh, certainly, she'd give me the letters with the greatest pleasure; wasn't it all too droll? I insisted that the whole of the correspondence should be sent me that evening, accompanied by a confession of the hoax, or else—well, it might be my duty to inform Mr. Frank Jones, who was a jealous gentleman, and his taste for jokes might be peculiar.

Peter came into supper with me, looking far from gay. We ate our meal sadly, and when the cloth was cleared and our toddy was mixed and our pipes were lighted (for Peter was no mortified ascetic) I plunged into the middle of the subject at once, and said in a peremptory manner, "Now, Peter, you've something on your mind. Out with it, my boy, and I'll see if something can't be done for you!"

Peter sighed, blushed, groaned, and looked extremely silly. "There are topics too sacredly painful for discussion among even the oldest friends," he said. "Excuse my reticence."

"Fiddlesticks!" I shouted. "Peter, my young friend, I've seen a great deal of life, and may say that mankind I know pretty thoroughly, and womankind too, so far as they belong to the knowable; and it don't matter whether one's in Pall Mall or in a God-forsaken hole like Milton Magna, to the eye of the expert; a man with your symptoms is a man who's the victim of one of the sex. Now, who is she?"

Thus appealed to, Peter, with awkward pauses and bashful hesitation, recited his story. "She was so young, so simple, so altogether lovely, so charming," he began. "She came to my church a month ago, and followed my sermons with the closest attention. I met her during the week, quite casually, and somehow or other we got into conversation. She expressed her pleasure with my discourse of the preceding Sunday, and asked if I would trust her with the manuscript. There were one or two points of the argument which she hadn't grasped at the time. I'm ordinarily hortatory rather than dialectical, but I was a little bit subtle in that sermon, no doubt. Yes, I certainly was a little bit subtle. Well, I offered to discuss the subject with her, and we had much further talk together. Hers was an interesting case, most interesting. From what I gleaned of her past life, I saw that she was familiar with sorrow, and I forbore to probe the wounds. It was my aim to lead her to the contemplation of a bright future and to help her to dismiss sad recollections. I sought to open up cheerful vistas ahead and to close the gloomy avenues of the past."

At this point I yawned. "Never mind about the vistas and avenues, old man," I said; "drive on."

"Yes," said Peter. "I'll spare you the details of our various conversations, but I may say that I was distinctly useful to her spiritual life.

Under my influence she grew more cheerful, doubts were dispelled, difficulties removed; she emerged into a delightfully gay and blithe existence, and then—why, then I found that she had won my heart, that my very life was wrapped up in hers! My dear fellow, you can't have the faintest notion what my condition was—of course, you've never experienced it. I don't believe anybody ever has experienced anything approaching it before; but I was absolutely abandoned to an intoxicating, a delirious passion for my Ada. My flock were neglected, my services mechanically hurried through. To be with her was all my desire—the only thing I lived for. I wrote to her repeatedly. She must have a score of my letters—letters in which I have poured out my heart's passion."

Peter paused in his paroxysms, and I passed him the whisky. He went on: "When I believed that my love was in some measure returned, I became more exacting and jealous, more inquisitive as to her past history. Then began painful bickerings. She reproached me with my want of confidence; she tortured me with stories of other suitors; she maddened me with her mysterious movements. A woman so young and beautiful cannot be too discreet. Well, there were tiffs—little quarrels which always ended in my abject prostration at her feet. In her presence I was her slave; away from her, in my lucid intervals, I knew that I was rushing blindly to destruction. At length the crisis came—never mind what it arose about, very likely a trifle—but I asked for particulars, which she refused. I insisted; she defied me. I said the rupture would be final. Then she showed herself in a new character, as blackmailer. The revelation was too horrible. I was to buy back my correspondence at an exorbitant price. Oh, she's a beautiful devil! She has ruined my life, yet I love her, I love her still."

"This is all very sad," I remarked gravely. "But supposing that you could get your letters back, Peter, and the young woman renounced all claims upon you, do you think you'd go back contentedly to your humdrum round of weekly prophesyings and other clerical duties?"

"Contented?" cried Peter. "It would be supreme rapture."

"And you'd never fall into the snare again?"

"Oh, never! But why build castles in the air? My reputation will be blasted, my influence gone, my career destroyed, my——"

"Well, the catastrophe hasn't come to that this time," said I, "but you really mustn't do it again. Here are your letters, quite inviolate. And here's the young person's renunciation and confession—I'm afraid you'll be a little hurt—that she's been amusing herself."

"Praise God! The age of miracles is not past!" murmured Peter, devoutly, as he fingered the packet. "But how has my sad, my foolish story been made known to you?"

I briefly explained the events of the morning, and Peter admitted that I had been better employed, sleeping under the canopy of heaven, than if I had snored through his sermon. He left me late that evening, vowing vengeance on the sorceress for the indignities to which she had subjected him, and I heard him stamping down the village street with the energy begotten of wounded pride. But his threats of retaliation caused me no uneasiness, for I had told Mrs. Frank Jones that the air of Milton Magna was a little too relaxing for her, and she promised to leave the place for Margate on Monday morning. And in the course of the autumn, when the leaves were turning yellow and the Courts were opening, and the newspapers



*"Now, who is she?"*

were extolling the new piece at the Hilarity and Miss Fitzosborne's creation of the part of the ingénue, it was pleasant to read in the first column of the *Times* that the Rev. the Master of Corpus Christi College, with the aid of two clerical supernumeraries, had united in matrimony Laura, widow of the late Rural Dean of Stoke Mandeville, and my old friend Peter Harrison.



## THE QUINCENTENARY OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE.



In a country like ours the past counts for a very great deal, and an event which brings into prominence the traditions which form our trail in history forms the occasion of a joyful ceremony. This is specially true of an institution which still flourishes in our own times, and still truer of an institution which is bound up with the training of youth, such as our great public schools and the Universities.

Winchester College is the capital of the educational world at this moment, for during this week it has been celebrating the five-hundredth anniversary of its foundation. Like so many schools and colleges, Winchester owes its origin to the Church. Long before the Norman Conquest there had been a grammar school in the town, conducted by the monks of St. Swithun's Priory, who are said to have numbered among their pupils King Ethelwolf and King Alfred. But it was left to a Churchman of a much later period to put the school on what is essentially a modern basis. This was William of Wykeham—so named after the Hampshire town in which he was born in 1324—who was educated at the old school, and who filled the see of Winchester for nearly forty years (1367-1404). His was a busy life, tersely recorded on his tombstone in the cathedral in these lines: "He was unbounded in hospitality, as the rich and poor can alike prove; he was also an able politician and a counsellor of the State. By the colleges which he founded his piety is made known; the first of which is at Oxford"—New College—"and the second at Winchester."

In founding Winchester, Wykeham established two great educational principles, for he placed the school under the government of a powerful corporation allied to one of the principal colleges of Oxford, and he was the first man in this country to create a corporate body of scholars, bound together in a way which gave them a conception of their duties to one another as members of a great society. This he did by providing for the election of eighteen prefects among the scholars to control their fellows in chambers and to have supervision of their whole life. Possibly the most brilliant disciple of his policy was Dr. Arnold, who carried out the theory of Winchester—at which he was educated—in after years at Rugby on lines which are familiar to every Englishman.

'Twere a long story to tell, even in outline, the career of Wykeham's foundation during the last five centuries—how it has grown with the times, how it has been the cradle of a long line of brilliant scholars, and how it was saved from destruction during the Great Rebellion by Colonel Fiennes,



Photo by Messrs. Fry, Brighton.

REV. WILLIAM ANDREWES FEARON, D.D., HEAD MASTER.





one of the founder's kin, who placed a guard at the college gate. Through his good offices, the college remains to this day almost the same, architecturally, as it was left by its founder. The outer gateway still guards the entrance, massive as in the days when its existence was more than ornamental. In the Election Chamber above, Henry VI.—whose pedigree, traced back to Adam, is one of the gems of the college archives—was fêted during the weeks when he pored over the statutes of Wykeham, on which he was to model Eton. The fine old inner quadrangle, with its quaintly carved windows and the curious apartments branching off, is redolent of antiquity. But most notable of all, perhaps, is the strictly ecclesiastical part of the buildings, especially the chapel, with its magnificent eastern window, its graceful fan tracery ceiling in wood—an invention of Wykeham, which has been preserved entire—and its historie reredos, completed in 1877. The imposing tower, first erected in 1470, had to be rebuilt thirty years ago, when, however, most of the old stones were replaced in their former positions. The sacristy, on the north-east of the chapel, was originally furnished with a tabernacle of gold, the gift of Henry VI. Above it is the muniment room, rich in many a memorial of the college. The cloisters, for nearly five centuries the burial-place of those associated with the school, remain as peaceful as of old. In the square of the

cloisters stands the Chantry Chapel, suppressed as such by Edward VI., for two centuries used as the library, which is now placed in the Scriptorium above it, and refitted as a chapel for junior scholars.

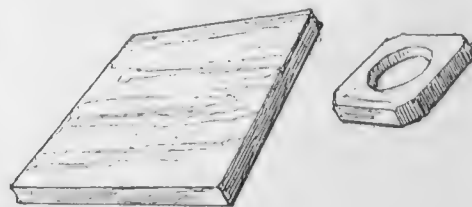
In the refectory or hall, remarkable for its magnificent groined oak roof, sit the Warden and Fellows on particular occasions, when the scholars chant the Wykehamical grace. Another interesting apartment is the "Seventh Chamber," beneath the hall. Over the entrance is a bronze statue of Wykeham, cast by Cibber. Chamber Court, on the south side of which the chapel and hall stand,



Entrance to  
Outer South  
Porters Lodge

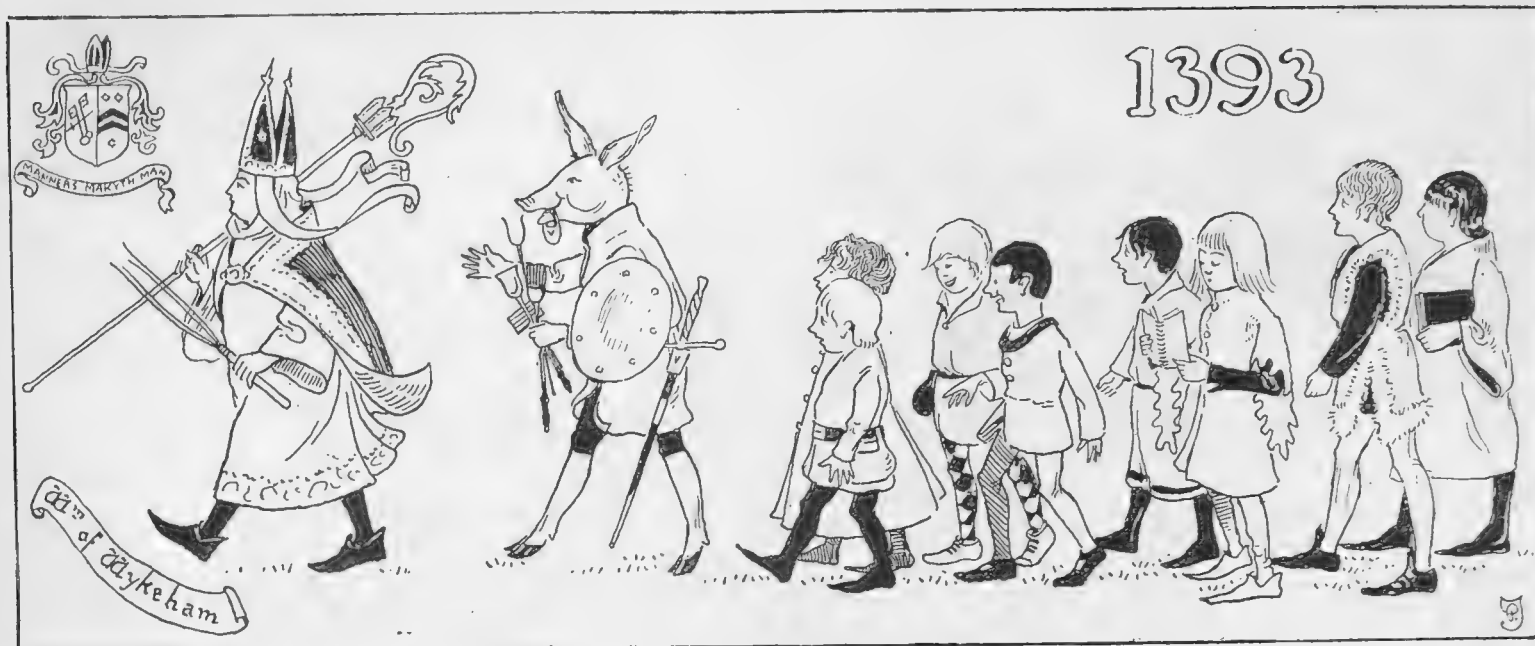
has been called the Wykehamites' Mecca. It is full of quaint and curious nooks and corners. In one of the passages one sees that queer figure, the "Trusty Servant," whose virtues are recorded in the lines—

A trusty servant's portrait would you see,  
This emblematic figure well survey;  
The porker's snout—not nice in diet shows;  
The padlock shut—no secrets he'll disclose;  
Patient the ass—his master's wrath to bear;  
Swift in errand—the stag's feet declare;  
Loaded his left hand—apt to labour saith;  
The vest—his neatness; open hand—his faith;  
Girt with his sword—his shield upon his arm—  
Himself and master he'll protect from harm.



WOODEN TRENCHER AND SALT CELLAR.





As of its buildings, so of its government, Winchester has been conservative. How much this has been the case may be gauged from the fact that a picture of the state of things in the time of Edward VI. seems to be a fair account of the life of Wykehamists for a century and a half preceding, and two centuries and a half succeeding that date.

In the old days a boy rose at five, and, having set his chamber in order, hurried to the chapel, where half an hour was spent. School began in the "Seventh Chamber"—which was the old schoolroom—at six o'clock, and continued for three hours. After dinner three more hours were spent in the round of schoolboy tasks, relieved, it is true, by a quarter

of an hour for an allowance of beer, known as "beever." At five o'clock the boys had to walk round the college singing hymns. This was followed by a mutton supper at eight, and the day ended as it had begun with a service in chapel. And all this went on with but little change until the present century. One of the quaintest of the old customs was the installation, on the morning of Holy Innocents' Day, of a Boy Bishop, who, equipped with a mitre made out of a piece of cloth of gold given by Wykeham himself, mounted on a frame of silver gilt given by one of the Fellows of the college, sat on a throne for a whole day in chapel. A pastoral staff of gilt copper was borne in front of him.

The English public-school boy, as the member of an ancient corporation, is the possessor of an enviable heritage, and this is true very specially of Winchester men, who have been said to retain in after-life a closer sense of brotherhood than do men from other public schools. Thus the celebrations of this week will interest a very



wide circle of people. From every corner of the globe the thoughts of old Wykehamites will be turned from the din and perplexity of life to the old days of boyhood at Winchester, and the thrilling chorus of their beautiful school song will keep ringing in their ears with peculiar appropriateness—

Domum, domum, dulce domum,  
Domum, domum, dulce domum,  
Dulce, dulce, dulce domum,  
Dulce domum resonemus!





PANEL IN SCHOOL.



DOORWAY OF SCHOOL.



## A CHAT WITH AN AFRICAN CANNIBAL.

BY HERBERT WARD.

"What do I think of this country? It is a good country. There are many good things to eat. There are no animals with evil hearts to kill you."

This is the impression of Bulëlu, a member of the cannibal Bangala, a community residing a thousand miles in the interior of Equatorial Africa, who still maintain the primitive customs of a barbaric age. Favoured by the opportunity and by a knowledge of the native language, I interviewed Bulëlu, who is paying a short visit to England, in charge of Mr. Alfred Parminter, of the Belgian Congo Company.

"What things have most surprised you in our country, Bulëlu?"

"All things. Lo! How many white men live! How silent they are! With us, we all speak and make sounds; here men walk with their mouths tied! The big houses make me stupid. The wide paths of the city, with the horses and the carts, make my head tired. There are so many things to see that my eyes become sleepy. All is good here. I know nothing bad; but—I am all alone, and I feel lost and sad."

Bulëlu relapsed into silence, squatted upon his heels, and watched the flies circling in a sunbeam.

From long association with his kinsmen in Africa, I was enabled to observe a certain shyness in Bulëlu's manner, which contrasted strangely with the natural self-confidence which is characteristic of his race. Apparently, he had grown to comprehend the wide distinction between the lives of the civilised and the lives of the barbarians, and the realisation of his own inferiority had filled him with a sense of shame.

Gazing at the African weapons which adorn my walls, Bulëlu flicked his fingers and said excitedly—

"Koi-ye! See, there hangs 'nguru, na likongo—our knives and our spears. Look! O white man, there are spots of blood upon that shield. It is surely the blood of my own people. Ekh! my heart wants my home."

"These weapons are like friends of yours, Bulëlu. Is it not so? They awaken in your mind the recollections of your life at Bangala. Yours is a wild country, Bulëlu. Can you tell me some of the incidents that happened in your villages before you knew of white men?"

"That was many moons ago. I was only so high," and Bulëlu indicated two feet from the ground, "when Bula Matadi passed down the great river (Mr. Stanley's exploration of the Congo, 1877); I was small, but I heard his guns. He fought my people, and killed many men. There was Mobololo, and Dinguma, and Isongo, and Manyali. They were great chiefs, and their spirits all left us at that time. Then, afterwards, I remember how we fought the people of Mbenga."

Bulëlu, who was now standing half-way up a staircase, commenced to gesticulate. His reserve had vanished, and he entered into his subject with warmth.

"The people of Mbenga attacked us, for they said we had an evil spirit, and that we had sent the powerful white man to kill them. But they lied. They came in canoes, and—Tor! Tor! our spears went into their bodies. See! one man fell dead here," and Bulëlu pointed to a step beneath him. "Another came, and fell on him, then another, and another; our drums and horns made noise, and in the forest behind the women cried. Oh! many men were killed that day, and I saw them die—but I was only small. When the sun went down in the sky our people came with their knives, and during that night they ate many men. The ground was everywhere wet with blood, and it is bad for the feet to walk on blood, and—"

Here I interrupted Bulëlu in his ghastly story. We went for a walk through rural lanes; the peaceful bleating of sheep and the joyous song of the lark sounded strangely, when one's thoughts were far away in savage Africa. At length we halted by the banks of the river Colne, and while Bulëlu sat, absorbed in watching the trout darting through the

water, I indulged in a momentary reflection upon the probable state of mind likely to be engendered in an African youth, accustomed from earliest infancy to view such sights, and to be surrounded by such associations as those depicted by Bulëlu. The killing of an elephant or a crocodile in that far-off country is a far more memorable event than the slaughter of a human being. And yet there is nothing in this lad's manner suggestive of a savage disposition; on the contrary, he appears gentle and kind. His voice is soft and musical, and his bearing is respectful. The only outward token of his barbarism, apart from the tribal mark, or "dikwala," cicatrised upon his face, and his pointed teeth, is to be found in the peculiarly evasive expression of his bloodshot eyes.

"Have you many relatives?" I inquired of Bulëlu, anxious to ascertain whether the superstitious scruples which prevent most Central Africans from mentioning the names of the dead would still influence him under the present circumstances.

"Four brothers, by the same mother."

"Is your father living?"—Bulëlu grunted twice, and shook his open hand, to imply a negative answer.

"What was your father's name?"

Again Bulëlu grunted, and replied evasively, "I was very small at the time. He was a chieftain, with many slaves, and twenty-five wives, but my mother was his only wife that bore children. An evil spirit entered his heart, and he died from sleep." I may here mention that the fatal sleeping sickness, known to the natives as "Bokono," is very prevalent throughout the Congo country. Notwithstanding all my endeavours, I failed to elicit the name of Bulëlu's father.

"Would you be satisfied to live always in this country, Bulëlu? All things are good here. In your country you have but little pleasure."

Bulëlu stared thoughtfully at the fish in the river, and then replied simply, "I am lonely."

Apparently, he was picturing to himself the glare of the tropical sun upon the feathery palm-trees; the dusky figures of his kinsmen, with their glistening spears; the brilliant sun-birds, hovering around the tree-blossoms; the air animated with sounds of bees and flies, and the chattering of monkeys in the great forests; the gorgeous vegetation on all sides, and the abundance of life.

"When you return to your home at Bangala, you will be a great man, Bulëlu. You are the first of your tribe to leave Africa," said I.

"Ha! When I go back, and

I tell my people of the wonders of your country, they will say, 'Luküta, koye' (You lie). 'Zambi tē' (Never mind), I will reply. 'Bikei yonsono, malami bē, na'mputu. Sōla ē 'koye.' (All I say is true. You say I lie. It is finished. I have seen those things; you have not.)" Here Bulëlu elevated his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders, then smiled with satisfaction at the indisputable logic with which he is prepared to vanquish his sceptical kinsmen.

## THE HEATHEN CHINESE AS A JOURNALIST.

The heathen Chinese is peculiar as a pressman, and his readers are even more so. Some years ago a Chinese newspaper was started in Tientsin in the sanguine expectation that it would become a valuable property. It has been conducted under foreign guidance and protection, and it must be pronounced a failure. The circulation is less now than at the start, and this has never reached two thousand copies a day. There are many difficulties in the way of success, the greatest, perhaps, being the want of means of distribution and the paucity of matter to fill the columns. The ordinary Chinese reader does not care for general news; he likes gossip, scandal, and literary dissertations. A Chinese newspaper not under foreign protection would have to be a colourless production. All connected with its editorial staff would be daily exposed to prosecution and molestation, whereas behind the broad back of the extra-territorialised foreign proprietor, real or fictitious, the Chinese editor may venture on criticisms or insinuations without danger.



Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.

BULËLU, FROM THE CANNIBAL TRIBE OF BANGALA, UPPER CONGO.

CENTRAL AFRICA.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

What is an optimist, and what is a pessimist? An optimist, some may say, is one who believes that all is for the best, a pessimist that all is for the worst. Or, again, we may say that the optimist takes pleasure in the bright side of things, and the pessimist in the dark. But it does not at all follow that the optimist is cheery and the pessimist gloomy. Our theories of life are not, as a rule, so influential as regards our ordinary feelings as are our respective powers of digestion.

In fact, one may, without too daring a paradox, say that the pessimist is likely to be far more comfortable, happy, and even pleasant to others than the optimist. Holding, as the former does, that the world generally is going to the bad, and that his own efforts will not materially retard its perdition, he will be kind and beneficent, if his temperament so inclines him, with a charming absence of earnestness and high purpose which may enable him at times to do much good. Whereas, once your cynic becomes converted to loftier ways, and renders service in order to regenerate his fellow-men or store up merit for himself, he becomes merely a bore.

We all—even the human race as a whole—like to be loved for ourselves; and we all are conceited enough to think that there is something in us worth loving. And when a good man comes to us and tells us that he loves us because it is his duty, because we make part of Humanity with the big H, we naturally suspect him. Brown thinks, "If he said he loved me for my engaging frankness, or even that he liked Jones for his childlike simplicity, I could believe him; but the whole race!" And in fact it is, as the humourist of the streets would put it, a large order. So our optimist comes to be regarded as little better than a prig.

The pessimist has no such difficulty. The race, to him, is not progressing; nor, to him, does progress seem desirable. But, thinking poorly of man as a whole, he may be led to make exceptions in favour of a few individuals. Now, there is nothing so flattering, so winning, as exceptional treatment. And the favoured individuals naturally respond with their best of feeling and service; so that the pessimist and his friends may well be fairly happy as times go.

Then, what joy is it to account oneself the only person who can chase the gloom from the cynic's brow, or the sardonic smile from the corners of his mouth. There are many women, truthful souls, who would fall in love with a pessimist merely on the strength of his melancholy opinions, thinking that a man with such dreadful views must be steeped in misery, and only to be redeemed from suicide or madness by the pure affection of some angelic being. Women—especially good women—are so very personal in their views. To them, a man's theoretic views must express themselves in his practical life; and he who believes that life is not worth living is the hapless victim who must be petted out of his pessimism at all costs—to the petter.

All which is apt to be a false inference. A man's opinions are frequently the expression of that side of his nature that does not find room in his daily life. As a sedentary invalid may write stirring tales of sport and adventure, so a comfortable and kindly man, to whom the days are pleasant, may be a pronounced pessimist. And the events that influence the wobblings of the optimist and make him alternately exult and despair have none but pleasurable shocks for the pessimist. The worst is but what he expects; the best inspires a pleasing doubt as to whether all may not be better than he has thought.

It is not so much the confirmed pessimist who falls to misery and suicide as the young and the poetic optimist with lofty dreams and a bad digestion, who cannot bear the inevitable disillusioning. And even the sneer of the cynic is not so hard to bear as the sermon of the reformer—the man who is always in earnest, and will have all others about him in earnest also.

And the pessimist in literature is very far more pleasant to read than the optimist. The optimist not only believes in the progress of the race, but feels he must contribute his share towards the great end. Therefore he writes novels with purposes, he inspires himself with windy doctrines, he is carried off his balance by sentimental commonplaces, and he exalts the matter of his "message"—as he calls it—at the expense of his manner. Now, all these things are hurtful to literary excellence—some of them to an extreme degree.

Therefore I cannot agree with that somewhat morose optimist, Mr. Robert Buchanan, in his assault on the "Dismal Throng." Many of those he assails are not dismal from pessimism at all. Tolstōi is dismal, not because he observes and depicts realistically, but because he preaches fads instead of painting facts. Ibsen, again, has his own theories, which are presumably for the good of the race, and which falsify the truth of his dramatic creations. Even the bigoted Conservative schoolmaster of "Rosmersholm" must needs hold views concerning heredity.

And what about the "weedy flabbiness of style" that the bard would attribute to the dismal ones? Is Maupassant weedy? Is Bourget flabby? Is Catulle Mendès especially dismal? Surely, the Décadents, however fantastic and perverse, are not to be called weedy or flabby. Rather do they attach an excessive value to artistic finish of style. It is your inspired optimist who is apt to fall into sloppy sentimentality. And why is Mr. Thomas Hardy called upon to rout the "Dismal Throng"? If there be a work more pessimistic than "Tess," I should like to be told of it.

Some persons—optimists, I presume—have been calling our attention lately to the ugliness of London. In some respects, no doubt, our streets are ugly; but they are most so when regular. And the grandiose stone uniformity of Paris, the stuccoed uniformity of Berlin or St. Petersburg is, when one grows used to it, just as dreary as the sordid brick sameness of a London suburb. It is irregularity that gives charm to a city. Every detached house has an individuality of its own; but once a member of a row has lost its personality, it is merely an item, like a convict, or a Member of Parliament, or a prince of that curious House of Reuss, in which all the males are, or were, named Henry.

But in a small town struggling up a hill, with its houses, of all dates, standing detached at irregular intervals, every dwelling has its distinct facial expression. There is the blank, respectable inanity of the modern house, with its box of brick walls and diagonal half-box of slate roof; there is the leering, disreputable little inn, with the plaster peeling off its unwholesome walls. Some buildings one would never take, so evil and malignant is their expression; some, again, are frank, open, kindly. Past a certain size, however, individuality usually vanishes. A palace is generally as destitute of interest as its occupant's life—as blank of expression as a royal face must learn to be.

These are fancies that come to one in house-hunting, as I have sometimes done for a friend. One gets to learn the shades of meaning in a house's face. One gets also to learn the extremely unbusinesslike ways of the average owner of house property. The other day I went past a small suburban house which was to let, and in the front garden were planted the boards of no fewer than three separate agents, living widely apart. I wondered whether each had come stealthily and set up his ensign against the beleaguered dwelling. Would all three let it at once? Or, to use archaic language, did one let it and the others let and hinder him?

But if three agents are bewildering, more vexatious is it to find on the window of an eligible dwelling a bill referring you to some lawyer miles away in the City, or to be directed to "inquire within," and to gain no answer to ceaseless rings and knocks. Why not leave particulars of the rent, with the key, at the nearest respectable public-house? The landlord would gladly render this small service for the custom it would bring. Then the far-off lawyer might be written to if the house seemed satisfactory.

But, really, it seems sometimes as if in advertising the house as "to let," the owners wished it so to continue for ever, or, at least, till the lease and the roof fell in together.

MARMITON.

## SHE WAS TIRED.

HE: How many bridesmaids are you going to have, dearest?

SHE: None.

HE: Why, I thought you had set your heart on it!

SHE: I had; but, from present indications, the girls I want will all be married first.

## "MY DEAR BRETHREN."

"By-the-way, Bishop, why is it that you always address your congregation as 'brethren,' and never mention the women in your sermons?"

"But, my dear Madam, the one embraces the other."

"Oh, but, Bishop, not in church!"—*Life* (New York).



MADAME NORDICA AS CARMEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER, MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.



## AN HOUR WITH MADAME NORDICA.

The cosy villa in Clarence Terrace was as radiant as sunshine and flowers could make it the morning I presented myself on behalf of *The Sketch*. A brace of handsome dogs afforded me a clamorous



Photo by Falk, East-End, New York.

MADAME NORDICA.

welcome as I was ushered into what might be called the prettiest drawing-room in London, where Madame Nordica, herself the brightest object in it, received me with a cheery greeting, quite American in its charming heartiness.

"Will *The Sketch* do me the honour to join us at luncheon?" said Madame, after the usual comments on the weather, the royal wedding, and society doings were exchanged.

"With pleasure," I replied, and it was over a repast reflecting the utmost credit on the culinary art of Madame's chef that we discoursed of the Chicago Exhibition and its music.

"Words fail to tell what the Exhibition really is," began Madame Nordica, with enthusiasm. "The great Music Building was to me, very naturally, the centre of attraction. Its acoustic properties could not be surpassed. Again, to hear the chorus of twelve thousand voices singing the 'Elijah,' filling the great building with waves of sound that was not noise, but music of the grandest description, was a thing never to be forgotten," continued Madame, too much in earnest to heed my compliment. "Just think of it, this wonderful chorus, that would have filled Albert Hall from floor to roof, sung with the smoothness and perfection of a quartet! It was led by the Apollo Club, of Chicago, a body of most accomplished musicians; the orchestra was five hundred strong, and amply supported the chorus. Certainly, much praise was due to the conductors, Mr. Theodore Thomas and Mr. Tomlings, but a great measure of the success rested with the singers themselves."

"How did all that volume of voices affect you?"

"The effect was absolutely thrilling. I felt as though I was listening to a chorus of Titans, not ordinary mortals," replied Madame.

"We were beginning to despair of hearing you this season. There was a rumour to the effect that the fascinations of the Exhibition were going to deprive us of you during the opera season."

"Ah, that was entirely due to a misunderstanding," exclaimed Madame Nordica. "This was the real state of affairs: I telegraphed and wrote as early as February to Sir Augustus Harris asking permission to prolong my stay in America for the great function, being, as a representative American singer, asked to sing. Sir Augustus's answer was complete silence, which I took for a consent, notwithstanding which I hurried through my engagement at Chicago and arrived in London

on June 3, several days before the artistes announced as my substitutes appeared."

"May I ask what manner of season you had in the States?"

"Well, it began very disastrously," said Madame Nordica. "The burning of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, settled opera for the season there, but, with characteristic American enterprise, an Opera Concert Company was organised, with Sealchi, Del Puente, Campanini, Emile Fischer, and myself as members. We gave concerts in costume, and the success throughout the States was very great. Although I passed thirty-seven nights in the train during the tour from December till May, I never enjoyed a tour better: our route seemed to be a veritable march of triumph, especially in Texas. And here let me give you an example of the gallantry of the much-abused cowboy in that State. I've forgotten the name of the town, the thermometer was down to—dear knows where. I was about settling myself as comfortably as possible in the train for an all-night journey, when my attention was attracted by a hubbub outside, through which I heard my name called out in stentorian tones, 'Nordica! I want Nordica!' Anxious to find out the cause of this extraordinary outcry, I went to the door of the car, and the first thing that met my eyes was a cowboy galloping furiously up to the train, gesticulating wildly, waving his whip, and calling out my name at the top of his voice. When he saw me he reined in his horse and drew from the pocket of his coat a satin Russian overshoe, which, it seems, I had lost in getting into my carriage at the hotel, and he had picked up, and rode furiously after the train to restore to me. I thanked him profusely, for I confess I was quite touched by his rough gallantry. 'Oh, don't speak of it,' he exclaimed; 'I only wish you had been a centipede!'"

When the laughing discussion which followed Madame Nordica's story had subsided, I ventured to ask just one last question: "Do you sing in any festival this season?" To which Madame replied—

"No; I am preparing to return to the States for my next opera tour under the management of Abbey and Grau, and also to sing in Chicago in September next, when I create the principal rôle in 'Bethlehem,' written by Mackenzie expressly for the Chicago Exhibition. He has done me the honour to write to the directors that he selected me to sing it for the first time on the 18th of next month."

"You are indeed a busy woman," I observed; "but not too busy to cultivate the gift of the pen now and then."

"Oh," beamed Madame, "so you have heard of my paper on 'Woman in Music,' read before the Woman's Congress at Chicago. It was an honour thrust upon me," Madame hastened to say. "Many could have rendered the subject more justice than I have done; but the Woman's Congress would have it, and so I did my best." A. C. DE B.



Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.

MADAME NORDICA AS JULIETTE.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

We regret that a casual reference in these columns the other day to Mr. Walter Armstrong should have roused the indignation of that distinguished critic, who writes to point out that he was not the "expert" who, in connection with a certain picture by Judith Leyster, held that the initials of that name beside a star could be read into the name Franz Hals. On the contrary, he never believed the picture to be the work of Franz Hals, as it appears, long before the trial of Lawrie v. Wertheimer, he told Messrs. Lawrie, in connection with the picture, that, in his opinion, it was the work of a pupil of Hals who had also been strongly influenced by J. M. Molenaer. This opinion receives all the confirmation he could desire by the discovery that the disputed monogram belongs to Judith Leyster, for she was the scholar of Hals and the wife of Molenaer. We regret exceedingly that our interrogatory should have appeared to imply that the expert was, in point of fact, Mr. Armstrong. We had no intention of implying that Mr. Armstrong was concerned, and if the words could have a serious application we owe Mr. Armstrong an apology. To be compelled to explain a jest is a little humiliating.

We commented recently upon the amazing increase in the value of Dutch works which has come upon the market, and the sale of the Mildmay pictures is only another instance of that rightful but rather astonishing development. The late Mr. Mildmay bought some twenty Dutch pictures in 1816 at Amsterdam for £4543, and it is now recorded that they have been sold for £16,214. We are by no means sorry that it should be so. Of course, popularity is in itself an absolutely fallacious test of the value of artistic work; that which is unpopular to-day and popular to-morrow may have fallen into a second stage of disfavour before the week is over, the while its essential beauty cannot possibly have undergone any transformation. But popularity is, at any rate, a pleasant accident, and it is very interesting to note that pictures as those of the Dutch schools, which so nobly deserve every encouragement and appreciation, should also have increased so substantially in reasonable popularity.

Therewith, curiously enough, has come a singular fall in the interest displayed at large over the Italian schools of art. It may very reasonably be doubted if any public body, such as the trustees of the National Gallery, would consider it worth their while to accomplish the purchase of even a celebrated Raffaele like the "Madonna degli Ansidesi" for such a sum as £70,000. Of course, the original sum was preposterous, and

utterly out of keeping with the value of the work. But even a fetish, such as the name of Raffaele has been in artistic circles for so many years, could not be expected at this time to fetch the prices of fine specimens of the Dutch school. For Raffaele—the word is said in comment, not to instruct—was an Italian.

Among high prices paid for *objets d'art*, not the least astonishing have been certain sums paid for Lord Revelstoke's old plate, which was sold a short time since. Thus a Louis XI. cafetière fetched a sum of £7 4s. an ounce, a Willaume cream-jug of 1719 went at £4 6s. an ounce, and another, of 1720, at £4 8s. an ounce. A couple of waiters, square in shape, of 1722, which boasted of ornaments by Hogarth and Paul Lamerie, went for £3 2s. per ounce, and £3 5s. per ounce was given for a cover, a stand, and a bowl of the date 1857. The *World* notes, and it is an interesting fact, that the waiters were in the possession of Sir Robert Walpole's brother, old Horace Walpole.

Mr. Allen Heaton has just published a second series of his "Record of Work," which is intended to illustrate various designs executed by himself, and the book is certainly a handsome addition to our stock of artistic designs. He rejoices also in this work over "the death of several enemies" with whom he has been at war for a quarter of a century. They are "enemies," indeed, who have well deserved their death. First on the list comes "the huge drawing-room mirror, rounded at the top like a mould of jelly"; next, the so-called handsome "white marble chimney-piece," with its semi-circular arch to enclose the loathsome steel grate; then come the cut-glass chandelier, the Brummagem "gasolier," and the plaster ceiling rosette. That these things are gone is our congratulation; their death seems to show the beginning of better things.

Greece, whose treasures never seem to be exhausted, has just yielded to the British Museum a remarkably fine sepulchral *stèle*,

some two thousand three hundred years old, carved in marble to represent a former lady of fashion, by name Glycylla, who, seated upon a throne, is seen to be adjusting upon her wrist a bracelet which a female slave has just brought in a casket. The sculpture is well preserved.

Connoisseurs will be glad to hear that a syndicate has been formed to work an invention of Mr. W. S. Simpson, C.E. The invention consists in the removal of the painting from its original frame, the placing it in a chamber in which a vacuum is created, and the replacing of the painting in the frame from whence it was taken.



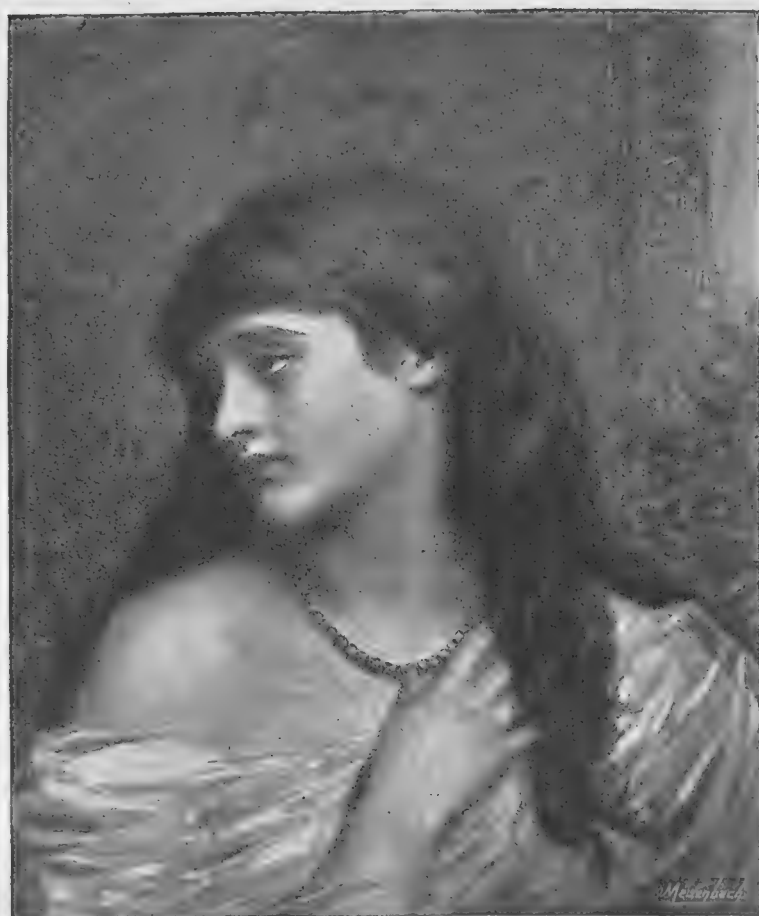
MADemoiselle BEBE.—H. FINNEY.

Exhibited at the Paris Salon.





INFANT NAPOLEON (PASTEL).—EDWARD TAYLER.  
Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.



REGRETS.—EDWARD TAYLER.  
Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.



ALONE.—EDWARD TAYLER.  
Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.



IL VINAJO.—BEATRICE C. SMALLFIELD.  
Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.

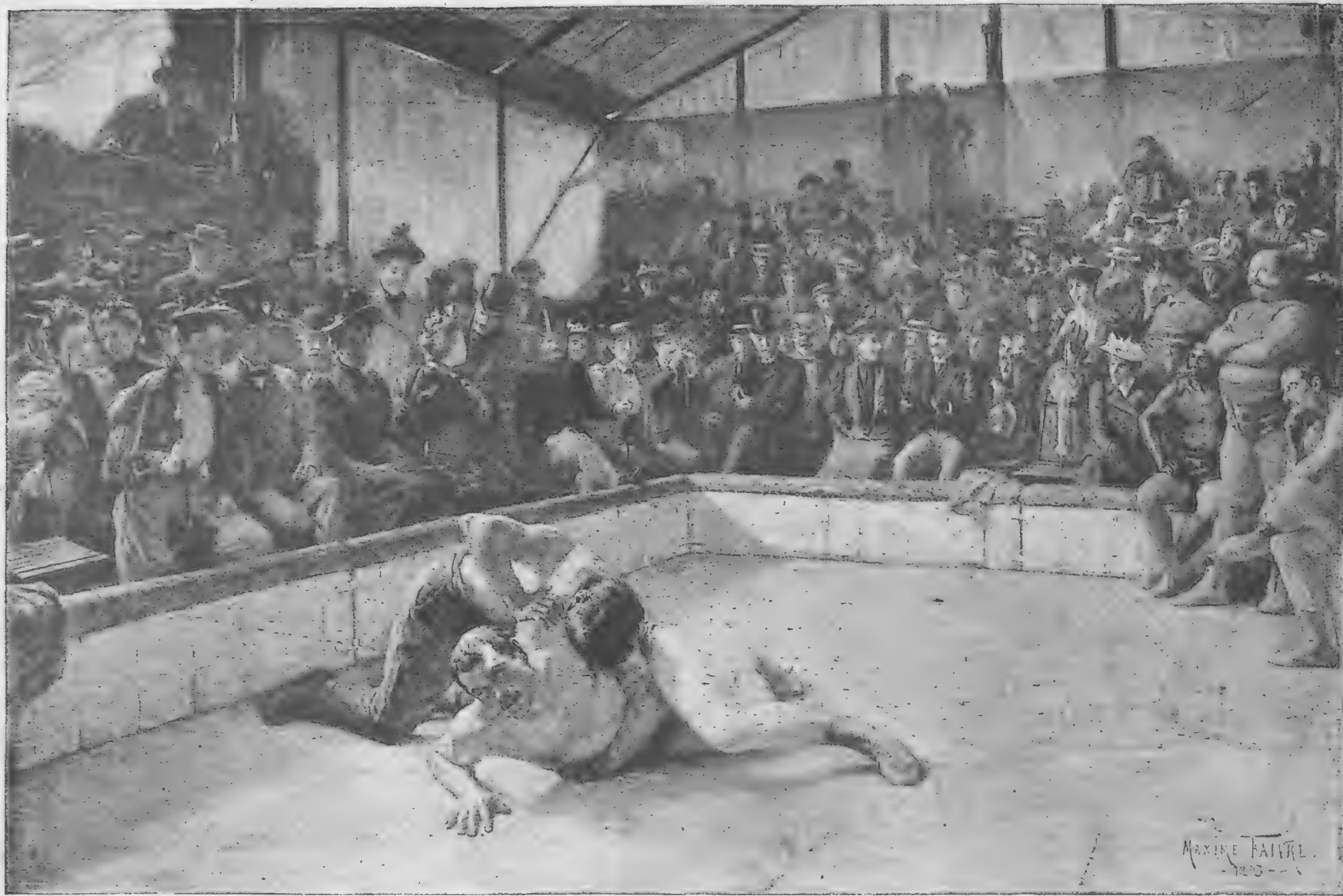
HERR PROFESSOR PHOTOGRAPHIERT SEINE EMMA!



A BLANKENBERGHE.—"VOYONS, MESSIEURS, PAS TOUS À LA FOIS."

From "Croquis de Plage," by Mars. (Bruxelles: Dietrich et Cie., Editeurs.)





CHEZ MARSEILLE.—M. FAIVRE.  
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



UN ACCIDENT À SAINT MARTIN DU TERTRE.—C. E. FRÈRE.  
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



SOLD AGAIN!

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.





Andre &amp; Seign

"HAVE I CAUGHT MY HEAVENLY JEWEL?"

*"The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act iii., Scene 3.*

DRAWN BY ROBERT SAUBER.



1. Cinderella.

4. Cinderella and the fairy Godmother.

7. Cinderella dances with the Prince.

2. The Wicked Sisters.

5. Cinderella going to the ball.

8. Cinderella loses her slipper.

3. The Wicked Sisters invited to the ball.

6. Jealousy of the Wicked Sisters.

9. The Prince marries Cinderella.

Louis Wain.





THE DANGERS OF THE PATENT SPRING HOOD.



LEGAL EXPRESSIONS.—No. IV.

PART HEARD.





SHE: "I am sorry to trouble you, Monsieur l'Artiste."

HE (wishing to be extra polite): "Oh! Madame, it gives me ze greatest pleazaire to show you out!"

DRAWN BY MELTON PRIOR.

## MARRIAGE, AND THE REST OF IT.\*

V.

TIME: The afternoon.

The Hon. Mrs. Legion is alone in her drawing-room in Kensington Gore. She is pale, and there are traces of tears on her cheeks. She dabs at her eyes hastily with two square inches of cambric and lace as the footman announces Lady Mondaine.

ISABEL (*rising*). My dear Rose!

LADY MONDAINE. Your husband left the house as I drove up. He was in such a bad temper that he pretended not to see me.

ISABEL. I am sure he would not have been so rude if—

LADY MONDAINE. Oh, you need not apologise for him! I have survived. (*Regards Mrs. Legion critically.*) What's the matter? You don't look well to-day. Anything wrong?

ISABEL. Nothing. A bad headache.

LADY MONDAINE. I used to have them myself when I first married. (*Mentally.*) The synonym for a husband's snub! One day I shall publish "The Book of Euphemisms," specially adapted for the requirements of society.

ISABEL. You are looking at me very oddly.

LADY MONDAINE. You have been crying.

ISABEL (*with immense astonishment*). Crying? What an idea!

LADY MONDAINE. You perfectly transparent baby, don't attempt to tell fibs to me. You've been having words with your husband, or, rather, he's been having words with you. (*Leans forward, and gently touches Mrs. Legion's chin with the tips of her glove, faintly redolent of violets.*) Come, what's he been saying to you?

ISABEL (*choking suddenly, and beginning to rock herself to and fro*). He no longer cares for me. He is indifferent, cold, bored. I can see it, and he has almost told me so.

LADY MONDAINE. What exceedingly bad taste!

ISABEL (*with a sob*). And he leaves me so much alone.

LADY MONDAINE. Men are all demons, my dear.

ISABEL. Oh, it is hard, and I am so fond of him, Rose; he is my world!

LADY MONDAINE. And you let him see it, of course? When he is ill-tempered you try to coax him into a good humour, and when he snubs you your manner is an apology for his own offence.

ISABEL (*smiling wistfully*). How did you learn so much?

LADY MONDAINE. From experience, my child—a good master, though his fees are high. Your blunder was mine when I married Mondaine. I know better now. In order to teach a husband your value, it is necessary that you should be properly impressed with it yourself.

ISABEL. How? What do you mean?

LADY MONDAINE. If he neglects you, neglect him more. If he finds the society of other women more entertaining than your own, yawn in his face, and laugh with other men. He would adore you if he weren't so certain of you, though you hadn't a feature in your face. He appears indifferent to you. Try my prescription, and his apathy will vanish like ice at Goodwood. It's the finest "restorer" known.

ISABEL. I couldn't do it. I love him too much.

LADY MONDAINE. Exactly. If you loved him less you would probably attract him more.

ISABEL. I don't understand.

LADY MONDAINE. Men, my dear Isabel, are only boys grown big. When you were in the nursery, which did you enjoy the more—dessert in the dining-room or the gooseberries you picked on the sly?

ISABEL. I see what you mean.

LADY MONDAINE. Of course. It's as plain as your mother-in-law. We women outgrow our partiality for stolen fruit, but men never do. Never to belong to them is to be always divine. A man who is too lazy to peel the peaches out of his own forcing-house will climb a tree for a green apple if it grows in somebody else's orchard.

ISABEL. You advise me—

LADY MONDAINE. I advise you not to spoil Mr. Legion. Conceal your homage, and parade a little innocent flirtation. Make him jealous, and he will be at your feet again, for again he will feel insecure.

ISABEL (*doubtfully*). Are you sure I should be acting wisely? I don't believe I have the courage. Yet, if I thought I could win him back—

LADY MONDAINE. Trust me that what I say is the fact. I am older than you by—we won't say how much; it isn't necessary. But I know what I'm talking about, and I'm positive you'd be doing well.

ISABEL (*dreamily*). To see the old look in his eyes, to hear the old tenderness in his voice, a—ah! (*After a pause, and in a different tone.*) Yes, I believe you. I'll try it. And if I fail, God help me, for I think my heart will break.

LADY MONDAINE. Heart break! Nonsense! If we two women can't capture one poor fool of a man, we don't deserve success. There, you little goose, you need not wince and colour because I call "Jack, darling," a poor fool. He must be, or he wouldn't want teaching to appreciate you. You will really have to learn to control your countenance better, or you will never be able to play your part.

ISABEL. I put myself unreservedly in your hands.

LADY MONDAINE. *En route* for your husband's arms. Are you dining out or at home to-night?

ISABEL. At home—that is to say, I am. I am never sure of Jack until I see him; he disappoints me so frequently. Afterwards we are going to Lady Killjoy's.

LADY MONDAINE. Very good. Then, if Mr. Legion does return, he'll have to dine alone for a change, and learn to miss his wife. You are coming home with me, so ring for your maid at once. We can put in an appearance at your mother-in-law's together.

ISABEL. He won't know what has become of me!

LADY MONDAINE. Oh, you shall leave him a note. It won't do to treat him too badly at first—*surtout pas trop de zèle!* Go ahead—I'll tell you what to say. (*Dictates three lines.*) Brief, and to the point! Now go and dress, and don't be too long about it, dear, for I've had those wretched horses out since half-past two.

SCENE: The dining-room.

TIME: An hour later.

(*Enter the Hon. Jack Legion, who has let himself into the house with his latchkey.*)

JACK. Hullo! the table only laid for one! What the deuce does that mean—I told Isabel I should be home. (*Catches sight of a note on the mantelshelf, and reads.*) "I have gone to Lady Mondaine's, and will see you at your mother's. I have dined alone so often recently that I am sure you will not object to doing the same thing yourself for once.—Isabel." Confound it, she knows I hate it! How like a woman's selfishness that is!

(*Tosses the note away, and pulls the bell violently.*)

FOOTMAN. (*not intending to be ironical*). Did you ring, Sir?

JACK. You can take all those things away again, Buller. I shall dine out.

(*He goes upstairs to his dressing-room, and departs half an hour afterwards in evening dress and high dudgeon.*)

MR. BULLER (*loquacious, to the lady's maid, over the crumpled note, as the hall-door slams*). Cross as two sticks don't express 'im!

MIDDLE. HORTENSE. 'E 'ave got for once what you Engleesh call teet for tat. *C'était bien fait, ça!*

MR. BULLER. But, bless you, he don't see it—not he. He's too precious took up with 'imself! (*Contemptuously.*) Some folks has got the 'ide and hunderstanding of a kangaroo. F. C. PHILIPS.

## A NOVICE.

What is it in these latter days  
Transfigures my domestic ways,  
And round me as a halo plays?—  
My cigarette.

For me so daintily prepared,  
No modern skill or perfume spared,  
What would have happened had I dared  
To pass it yet?

What else could lighten times of woe,  
When someone says "I told you so,"  
When all the servants in a row  
Give notices?

When the great family affairs  
Demand the most gigantic cares,  
And one is very ill upstairs,  
With pooltices?

What else would ease my aching head,  
When, though I die to be in bed,  
I settle steadily instead  
To my accounts?

And, while the house is slumbering,  
Go over them like anything;  
And find them ever varying  
In their amounts?

Ah! yes, the cook may spoil the broth,  
The cream of life resolve to froth,  
I cannot now, though very wroth,  
Distracted be.

For as the smoke curls blue and thin  
From my own lips, I first begin  
To bathe my tired spirit in  
Philosophy.

And sweetest healing on her pours,  
Once more into the world she soars,  
And sees it full of open doors  
And helping hands.

Despite their voice who, knocking, stay  
At sullen portals day by day,  
And weary at the long delay  
To their demands.

The promised epoch, like a star,  
Shines very bright and very far,  
But nothing shall its lustre mar,  
Though distant yet.

If I in vain must sit and wait,  
To realise our future state,  
I shall not be disconsolate,  
My cigarette.

D. R.





MDLLE. MEALY AND MONS. FUGÈRE AT THE ALHAMBRA,  
IN THE DUET "PIGEONS, COQS, ET POULES."

The finest tribute ever accorded to sterling merit is contained in the "Lancet" of August 8, 1891, which embodies the Report of the "Lancet" Special Commissioner on Natural Mineral Waters. JOHANNIS—the subject of the Report—being selected from amongst the Natural Mineral Waters of the World as WORTHY OF THIS DISTINCTION.

# JOHANNIS.

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"The remainder of a bottle opened and recorked exhibited marked effervescence after four days. The carbonic gas is exceptionally pure, being the *Natural* gas collected from the Springs."—MEDICAL ANNUAL, 1892.

**MIXES EQUALLY WELL WITH WINES, SPIRITS, OR MILK.**



VIEW OF THE BOTTLING DEPOT, ZOLLHAUS, GERMANY, WHERE THE WATER IS BOTTLED DIRECT FROM THE SPRING.

EXTRACT FROM AN ARTICLE WHICH APPEARED IN "THE SKETCH" OF MAY 31, 1893, DESCRIBING THE JOHANNIS SPRING AND BOTTLING WORKS:

"About a quarter of a mile from the station—away, in fact, from any kind of habitation—at the foot of the hill, is the celebrated spring, secure in its situation from all drainage contamination. Covered by a dome-shaped erection, with ample ventilation, is a stone-walled well, and up this, almost to the surface, rises the clear, bubbling water. The well, with its concrete walls, has been sunk to the rock, and thus preserves the spring water from any admixture of surface water, while through the rock, to better regulate the supply, holes have been bored deep down to the store whence Nature delivers the mysterious liquid.

"The capacity or yield of the spring is 35,000 gallons a day, and so much is this particular water becoming appreciated in England and elsewhere that the company's business has doubled itself during the past year. Indeed, so general has the consumption of mineral waters become in England, and so much are those waters coming into favour which Nature has herself aerated for our use, that the JOHANNIS, which is unsurpassed for purity and healthful character, bids fair to again double its sale during the ensuing year. The carbonic acid gas which it contains is of unusual purity, its chemical analysis showing that 100 parts contain 99.92 pure carbonic acid.

"The temperature of the water is the same winter and summer, while the freshness is retained for several days after the bottles are uncorked. Its ever cool and refreshing character is to the consumer its great charm."

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**EVER COOL! SPARKLING! INVIGORATING!**

A Correspondent writes: "Please send me another case of JOHANNIS Water. When I ordered the first case it was merely with the idea that I should obtain, as recommended, a pleasant table water, but JOHANNIS has proved far more than this to me. For years, being of a gouty tendency, I have suffered from acidity of the stomach, and invariably at night have been compelled to take carbonate of soda in large quantity to obtain relief. Since, however, substituting whisky and JOHANNIS Water for whisky and soda or potash as my evening drink the acidity has quite left me, so that whilst obtaining a more pleasant drink I at the same time obtained relief from a disagreeable malady; besides which I find that one can drink JOHANNIS Water alone without getting the lowering symptoms that drinking soda water gives."

*The Original of this Letter may be seen at the Company's Office.*

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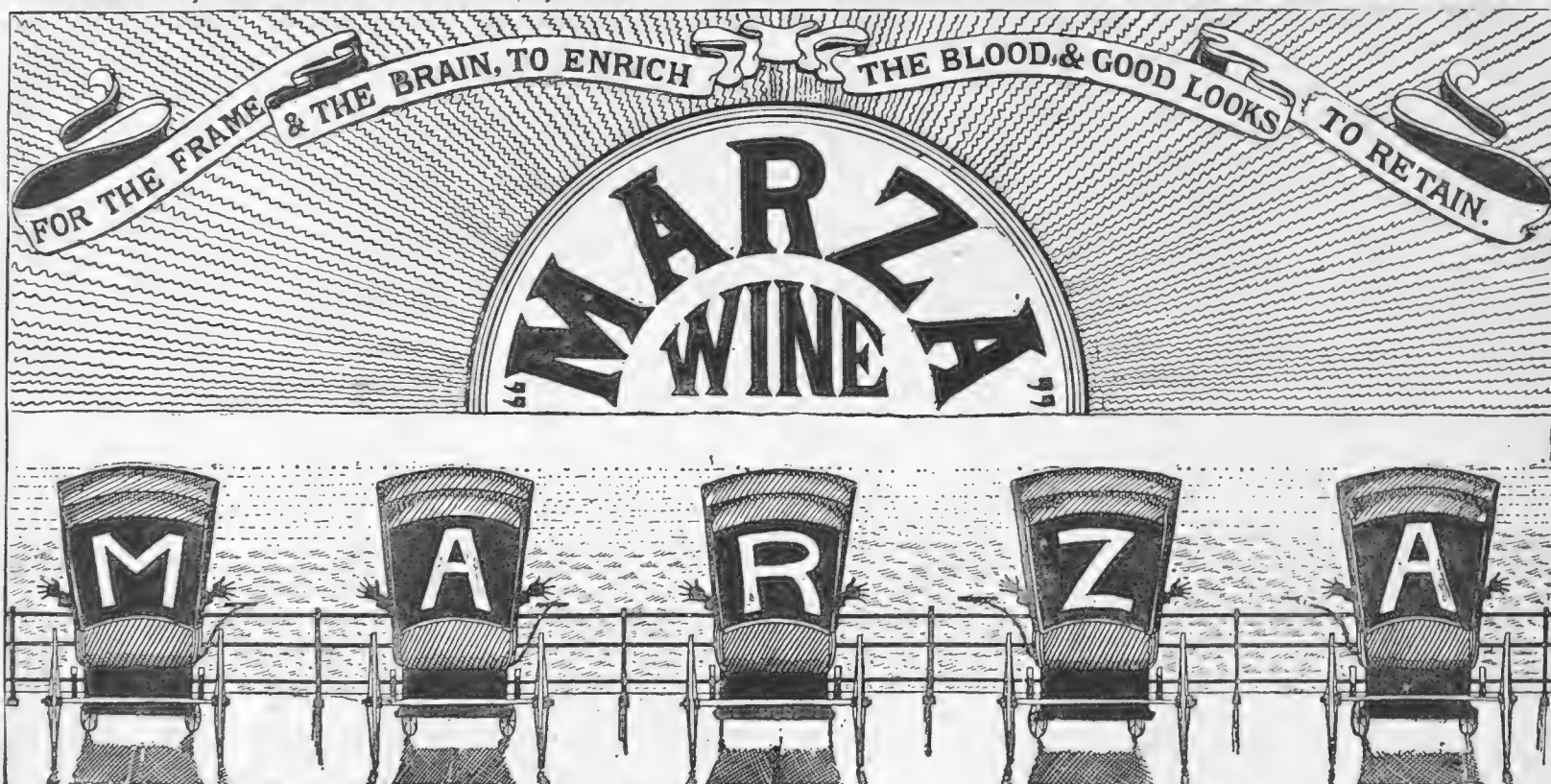
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Lochiel.

Photo by D. Whyte, Inverness.

THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS' MEMORIAL, INVERNESS: IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE.

### THE CENTENARY OF THE CAMERONS.

If anyone entertains doubts as to the genuineness of the opposition which the proposal to turn the 79th Cameron Highlanders into a battalion of the Scots Guards has met, the ceremony which took place at Inverness on Friday week should set his mind at rest. The occasion was the unveiling of a statue, erected in the square which fronts the railway station at Inverness by the regiment to their gallant comrades who fell in the Egyptian campaigns of 1882 and 1885. Altogether, it is a timely memorial of the famous Highland regiment, for this year is the centenary of its establishment, though, strangely enough, it is the very year when the Camerons have been threatened with the extinction which must follow their being merged into the Scots Guards. The statue is the work of Mr. G. E. Wade, sculptor, London, who, though a direct descendant of the indomitable general whose raids led to the quelling of the rebellious Highlanders, married, as the doughty Provost of Inverness remarked, "a young Highland girl" in the person of Miss Margaret Macintyre's sister, who is a daughter of General Macintyre, Fortrose.

Mr. Wade's clever work represents a Cameron Highlander in Portland stone. On the four panels of the pedestal are the names of the scenes of the regiment's achievements in Egypt, including the name of the man—curiously enough, called Cameron—who was first over the entrenchments at Tel-el-Kebir.

The regiment was raised in 1793, principally from the district of that Lochaber which has been immortalised in the pathetic song, by Allan Cameron of Erracht, who gathered 750 men to his banner in the course of two months. Indeed, the numbers might have been bigger but for the fact that the chief of the clan, Cameron of Lochiel—a grandson of that chieftain whom Campbell apostrophised in his well-known lines, and whom Macaulay called the "Ulysses of the Highlands"—had a difference at the time with his kinsman of Erracht, and, though not discouraging the raising of the regiment, induced recruits to join the Gordon Highlanders, who were then being enlisted with a kiss by the witty Duchess of Gordon. All differences, however, have passed away, for it was the present Mr. Cameron of Lochiel—known over the length and breadth of the Highlands simply as "Lochiel"—who unveiled the present memorial, amid the greatest enthusiasm, to the appropriate strains of "The March of the Cameron Men." Many a march, indeed, they have had, for hardly a campaign has been undertaken during the past century in which the Camerons have not figured.

### THE SISTERS' HOSPITAL, ST. ALBANS.

Through the munificence of Sir Blundell and Lady Maple, St. Albans has been equipped with a spacious and up-to-date hospital for fever and infectious diseases. The hospital, which is in three separate parts, stands well out of the town, though not inconveniently so. Designed by Mr. Morton M. Glover, it is built of red brick and tile, faced with Bath stone dressings, the style being an adapted Early English Renaissance. The hospital, which forms the main building—the other



two being an administrative block and the out-buildings—is 130 ft. long, and faces nearly north and south. There are six wards in all, holding fourteen beds, the walls being lined with neutral-green coloured glazed bricks. In the north-west corner of the ground a large gravelled platform is provided for the erection of temporary hospitals in case of a great epidemic.





"A PAL O' ARCHIE'S," AT THE PALACE THEATRE.



"Of absolute purity and freedom from alkali, Cadbury's Cocoa may be prescribed without hesitation with the certainty of obtaining uniform and gratifying results."—*Braithwaite's Retrospect of Medicine*.

"We have examined the samples brought under our notice and find that they are genuine, and that the Cocoa Essence is just what it is declared to be by Cadbury Brothers."—*The Lancet*.

"Cadbury's Cocoa contains in a condensed and increased form all the nourishing properties of the Cocoa bean, the proportion of flesh-forming ingredients being 21—as compared with 13—in natural Cocoa (Cocoa-nibs) and the meagre proportion of 6 in the ordinary Cocoas of Commerce prepared with added Starch and Sugar. Cadbury's Cocoa is Absolutely Pure, and always alike in quality."—*The Analyst*.

"The Editor of the *Medical Annual* speaks in the highest terms of Cadbury's Cocoa as a beverage and a food for invalids, on account of its absolute purity, high quality, and great solubility, and counsels the medical profession to remember, in recommending Cocoa, that the name of Cadbury on any packet is a guarantee of purity.

"Cadbury's Cocoa is an admirable preparation, free from all starchy and oily matter. . . . An unusually valuable and reliable form of food. . . . Of absolute purity and freedom from alkali. . . . An invaluable addition to our dietetic resources in the treatment of all forms of digestive disorders."—*Braithwaite*.

In an entertaining article on Eating and Drinking, in *Tinsley's Magazine*, it is remarked that improvements effected in recent years in the manufacture of Cocoa have been brought about "without any admixture of alkalies, starch, sugar, or sago, but simply as the result of more scientific treatment." The Cocoa that perfectly answers this description is Cadbury's Cocoa, which is guaranteed absolutely pure; among the Cocoas that do not answer the description are those of foreign make, notably the Dutch, in which alkalies and other injurious colouring matters are introduced.

"Has in a remarkable degree those natural elements of sustenance which give the system endurance and hardihood, building up muscle and bodily vigour, with a steady action that renders it a most acceptable and reliable beverage."—*Health*.

"The Cocoa butter, or fat, which is present in pure Cocoa to the extent of 50 per cent., and which has, on account of its indigestibility, formed a formidable obstacle to the use of Cocoa in the past, is extracted by a patent process belonging solely to Messrs. Cadbury. The residuum is soon converted into a powder and forms their world-wide known Cocoa Essence."—*Health*.

Mr. Otto Hehner, Public Analyst, London, Honorary Secretary of the Society of Public Analysts, reports that certain foreign cocoas contain about 3 per cent. of added carbonate of potash, but that *Cadbury's Cocoa contains no added alkali whatever*.

Mr. T. Eustace Hill, M.B., Analyst, Birmingham, certifies that in the foreign cocoas there is a large excess of potash salts over that contained in the nibs of Cadbury's Cocoa Essence. The excess of alkali, he adds, must be undesirable from a dietetic point of view.

Mr. J. Carter Bell, A.R.S.M., F.I.C., Manchester, analyst for the county of Chester and for the boroughs of Salford, Birkenhead, Stalybridge, &c., testifies to the like effect.

Dr. A. J. H. Crespi says: "Perfectly pure brands, like Cadbury's Cocoa Essence, never thicken on the application of heat, nor do they, like the foreign cocoas, contain dangerous and objectionable alkaline salts."

"Cadbury's Cocoa Essence has now become a household word, and we are pleased to see that while this great firm spares no effort to keep up the high standard of purity for which its products are famed, it takes every care to make the lot of the workers at Bournville a happy one. Unfortunately, in many chocolate works the reverse is the case, and the comfort of the workers the last consideration."—*Food, Drugs, and Drink*.

"It is well known that disturbance of the digestive functions is a concomitant of sea voyaging in the case of many persons, and the evil is increased by the difficulty of finding a food easy of digestion and sufficiently nutritious, apart from any question of the dietetic treatment of sea-sickness. It has recently been brought under our notice that Cadbury's Cocoa is a food which is growing rapidly in favour on board ships. Invalids and others, by experience, seem not only to relish this Cocoa as a beverage, but to find it nutritious and supporting under conditions of life when it is impossible or undesirable to take an ordinary diet. This is, in truth, a new application of Cocoa as a food, and we incline to believe that the stimulating properties of the Cocoa have also to be regarded as no unimportant element in the benefits which accrue from its use. Expectation would, of course, lead us to suppose that Cadbury's Cocoa would form an ideal diet for persons who travel by sea; it is, therefore, interesting to find this expectation realised by the experience of voyagers. It may not prevent sea-sickness—no food will—but it will give strength and support under that or any other condition of body where light and nourishing diet is a *sine quâ non*."—"Cocoa for Sea Voyagers," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E.



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Dr. N— (*loquitur*). "Hilloa, Scotty! you here already, and all alone?"  
"Ou' ay'. I've **J.R.D.** wi' me, and ye ken 'a goot man and a goot whisky is goot company.'"

London Offices: 4, GREAT TOWER ST., LONDON, E.C.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

Alas that the first representative match between England and Australia should have proved abortive! Especially so when one considers the interesting condition of the game at lunch time on the third day of the match. It was then that Captain A. E. Stoddart declared England's innings closed with eight wickets down, and set the Australians 300 runs to get to win in three hours and a half. Considering the state of the wicket, the chances were all against Australia getting the number of runs required, although by careful play it is just possible that they would have played out time.

They manage these things better in Australia. In that colony all important matches are played to a finish, whether they occupy two, three, four, or more days, and it might be well if we copied the Cornstalks so far as to arrange for ample time to complete all our international contests. There are only two more England v. Australia matches to be decided, and, except one side or the other win both matches, the question of superiority will remain undecided.

The feature of the great match at Lord's was the admirable batting on both sides. Perhaps chief honour belongs to Arthur Shrewsbury, who,

going in first for England on a wicket far from perfect, scored 106 runs. To follow this up by a second innings of 81 is an achievement that should most certainly be ranked as one of the finest feats ever accomplished in an international match. Next in importance to Shrewsbury's performance on the English side was that of F. S. Jackson, the Cambridge captain. He went in to bat in the first innings at rather a critical moment, when Turner was getting any amount of work on the ball, and, though the old Blue was somewhat uncertain in starting, he suddenly came away with one of the most dashing and brilliant innings played at Lord's ground this year. Thousands were sorry to see him sent back with only nine runs short of a century.

But England did not by any means have it all their own way even in batting. For a time things went very badly for the Australians. The first five wickets fell for 75, then a change came over the scene. When Henry Graham and Sid Gregory got together they altered completely the whole course of the game. These two defied the efforts of England's best bowlers for hours together, and were not parted before they had added 142 to the score. Gregory's contribution was 57. Henry Graham was not so easily dismissed. He remained at the wicket till he had scored 107, and I am bound to confess that his innings exceeded in correctness and brilliancy any other individual performance in the match. For stylish and scientific cricket, accompanied with brilliant hitting, I have not witnessed a finer performance than Graham's since Stoddart made his couple of centuries against Nottingham. Speaking of Nottingham reminds me that Gunn played a fine innings of 77 against the Australians at the second time of asking.

Bowling honours on the English side were undoubtedly carried off by Lockwood, of Surrey. At all times he was difficult to play, and he actually secured the first six wickets before any other trundler had a look in. His six wickets cost him 101 runs. Even more successful was Turner on the other side. "The Terror," as he is called, captured six wickets in the first innings for 67 runs, and, strange to say, George Giffen, who could not get a single wicket in the first innings, obtained the best one-innings analysis in the match by securing five for 43 at the second attempt.

The Australians are having a long stay in London, and after their match against Middlesex to-day they will cross to the other side of the Thames, where they meet Surrey at the Oval to-morrow. When the Cornstalks met Surrey earlier in the season the wicket was all against really good cricket, and although Surrey won they had not much to boast of. It is to be hoped that better conditions will obtain for the coming match, when the Cornstalks will probably give Surrey as much as they can do to hold their own.

Nor must I forget to congratulate Somerset on their surprising and sensational victory over Surrey. To be beaten in six consecutive matches, escape a seventh defeat by a merciful intervention of rain, and then turn round and defeat Surrey, is only another fresh illustration of the



OVERHEARD DURING SHREWSBURY'S INNINGS.

"Don't you like to see Shrewsbury make a big score?"  
"Well, I like to read about it best. I'm blest if I care to watch it!"

glorious uncertainty that makes half the charm of our national game. Curiously enough, it was the batting of two 'Varsity men—R. C. N. Palaret, of Oxford, and S. M. J. Woods, late of Cambridge—that led to the overthrow of the champions. It would be ungracious not to add a word of praise to Tyler and Nichols for their quite exceptional trundling.

Perhaps even more surprising was the defeat of Notts by Yorkshire. It was not the defeat that was surprising so much as the manner of doing it. Notts scored a first innings of 124, to which Yorkshire replied with 182. So far, there was little in it, for the wicket was fairly good, and the Notts batsmen had been got rid of rather cheaply in the first innings. Would it be believed, however, that at the second attempt the whole of the Notts batsmen were dismissed for 38 runs? Stranger still was the fact that Sherwin was top scorer with 10 (not out). It was a sad, sad procession to see the Notts men walking to and from the pavilion and wicket. Such was the panic in the Nottingham breast that no fewer than three men ran themselves out. Of course, there was a benefit for the bowlers. First, who could do nothing in the first innings, captured four wickets for 11 runs, while Wainwright, who got five for 62 at the first attempt, followed it up with three for 26 at the second. The winning of this match gave the Tykes a long, strong lead for the championship.

Yorkshire ought not to have great difficulty in defeating Gloucestershire at Huddersfield in the match which opens to-morrow. A close and keen struggle should also be seen between Kent and Sussex at Beckenham. Next Monday Notts will be at home to Gloucester, and, except the unexpected happens, the home side should improve their championship record. On the same day a great struggle will be seen at Blackheath, where Kent and Yorkshire meet. If the Tykes succeed in winning this match their chances of winning the championship will be rosy indeed. At the Oval Surrey will do their best to beat Lancashire, and I am persuaded that the Lancastrians, who always play a great game in London, will give Surrey quite enough to do to win.

Now that the cricket season is more than half finished, it would be well to compare the batting and bowling of the rival counties. Up till last Wednesday the Notts cricketers in county matches had scored more runs than any of their rivals. The average for 143 wickets was 26.21, but their bowling was weak. Even Gloucestershire show a better analysis than Notts. Those who attribute the falling off of Surrey to the absence of Lohmann's bowling will be surprised to learn that Surrey



A "LONG FIELD."

A LEFT-HANDED CATCH.

stand at the head of the county list in the bowling averages. They have taken 173 wickets at an average of 16.57. Yorkshire follow Surrey with a bowling analysis of 17.21, but in batting they are only fourth on the list. Middlesex are second on the list in batting and fifth in bowling. Sussex are actually third from the top in batting, although they are absolutely last in the trundling department.

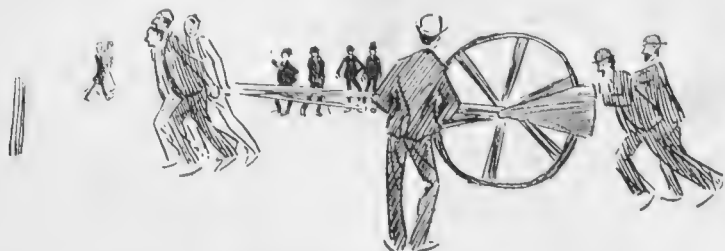
## LAWN TENNIS.

The All England Championship has changed hands. A great fight was seen between J. Pim, the challenger, and W. Baddeley, the holder, but the latter, although starting well, appeared to be out of condition, and was ultimately defeated by three sets to one. By the same score Miss Dodd retained her title against Mrs. Hillyard, after some brilliant play.

## AQUATICS.

Some surprise was expressed at the result of the Amateur Sculling Championship when, in the deciding contest for the possession of the Wingfield Sculls, G. B. Kennedy, of Kingston, defeated Vivian Nickalls, of Oxford. The course was from Putney to Mortlake, and the race was won after one of the finest contests ever witnessed. Kennedy was the first to show in front, and at the Alexandra Boathouse was a quarter of a length ahead. When the London Rowing Club quarters were reached Nickalls, for the first time, got in front, but passing Bishop's Creek the Kingston man again got a short lead. Nickalls, in desperation, once more passed his opponent, and led at Craven Steps and Hammersmith Bridge. At Chiswick Church Nickalls was actually two clear lengths ahead, but Kennedy, by a series of brilliant spurts, again caught his opponent, and, despite all that Nickalls could do, the Kingston man fairly wore him down, and, rapidly drawing away, gained a popular victory by nearly 300 yards in 24 min. 56 sec.

OLYMPIAN.



ROLLING THE WICKET.





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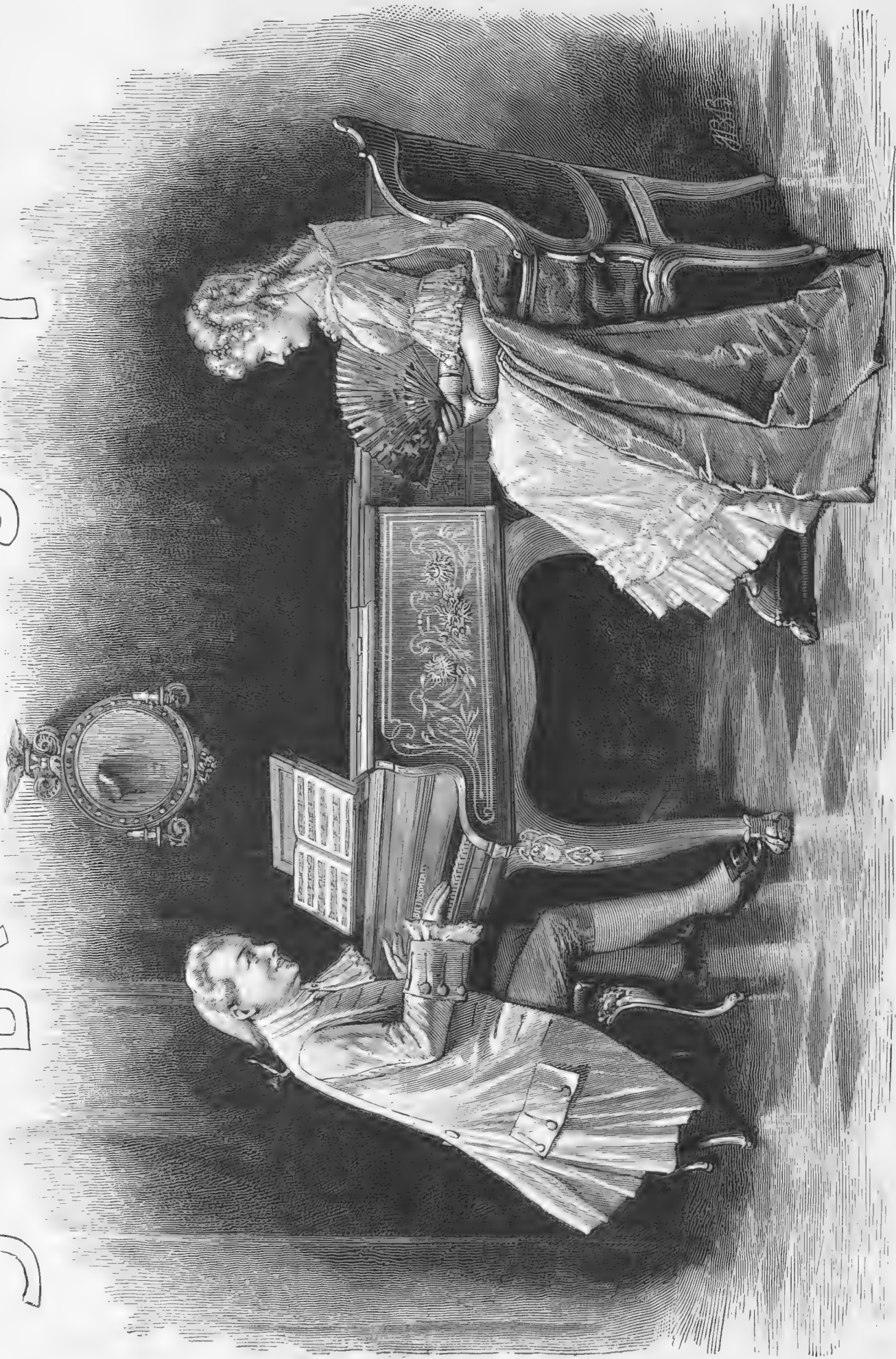
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## PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

One cannot help recalling just now one of Arthur Roberts's "wheezes" in the burlesque of "Joan of Arc." Who that saw it does not remember how he came on as the Constable of France, in utter darkness, with an electric light glowing in his cap? And then his lighting a cigarette and throwing away the match into the "flies," from which immediately proceeded a tremendous smash, as if the little match had knocked the house down? "Another village gone," was the laconic remark of the Constable of France. And surely in much the same spirit might Mr. Gladstone have turned round on Thursday night and said, in the same light and airy vein, "Another compartment gone." Really one might imagine that the House of Commons was only a college or school debating society, which was merely playing at legislation, to judge from the sort of thing that goes on over the Home Rule Bill now. When the House of Lords throws the Bill out, then will arise the question whether the Bill is to be buried or not. Until then Home Rule, in the language of the stock markets, is dull—very dull.

## CIVIL SERVANTS.

Compartment No. 3 was duly taken through on Thursday, comprising Clauses 26 to 40, and leaving over the new clauses, preamble, and schedules for discussion this week. There was nothing in that compartment so interesting as Clause 9 of the compartment the week before or the financial clauses, which came on after it. Practically, the discussion centred round the question of civil servants in Ireland. After the various utterances about "clearing out the Castle," and other reassuring remarks about the "English garrison," and so forth, made so freely by Nationalists in years past, can it be a great cause of surprise that Unionists should ask for some special guarantee towards the present members of the Civil Service in Ireland? A sort of air of unreality, however, hung about the whole discussion. Mr. Balfour's proposal to make the Imperial Government at once find English posts for any Irish civil servants who are denuded of their offices in Ireland was quite impracticable. The Government have proposed to make extra liberal provision for the Irish civil servants by way of pension, and that seems one way of tiding over a difficulty which at present does not really face us. But the Government proposal would cost the new Irish Exchequer a good deal of money, and Mr. Sexton would have resisted their increased pension scheme much more resolutely than he did if he had imagined that it were coming into operation without further revision.

## A CURIOUS RESULT.

It may be noticed, however, that, as things stand now, a premium has been placed upon resignation by the increase which the Government propose to make the Irish Exchequer pay to those who are entitled to pensions. What is the consequence? Not that the Irish will clear out the Castle, but that the Castle will clear out, or, more vulgarly, "clean out," the Irish! It is stated that a good many Irish civil servants will resign at the first institution of any Nationalist régime. The only thing, then, that a Gladstonian Home Rule will have done will be to make things a great deal easier for the hampering of the Irish Civil Service. The Irish members see this very well, and Mr. Sexton said so in the House. Can it be imagined that he would have accepted such an arrangement if he expected it to come into operation? No; the fact is that all thought of passing Home Rule has departed. The only thing now considered is what prospect the Government have of getting to the discussion of the Parish Councils Bill in the autumn session. At present the debates on Supply look like providing so much material that they cannot be finished before the House adjourns, and then, if they once go over to the autumn session, who knows what may happen between now and then? One thing has certainly to be reckoned with, and that is the Irish disgust at the situation.

## IRISH FINANCE.

It only remains to note that, in the limited discussion allowed by the operation of the "gag" in regard to the Irish police force, Mr. Sexton and Mr. Redmond again both revolted against Mr. Gladstone. They have to do this, of course, just as a little show-off to the Irish constituencies. The only interest in the Bill now remaining is in the financial clauses, and the only interest in them consists in making clear to the British constituencies how heavily we have to pay for the very doubtful blessing of having Ireland ruled by Mr. Sexton and Mr. Healy. In round figures, Great Britain will pay sixty-two millions out of the total Imperial charges of sixty-four millions, while Ireland contributes two! Anybody might think that the Irishmen ought to be satisfied with this. And yet they are not. It is difficult to see how much less Ireland could pay without relieving her of all contributions whatever. That, no doubt, is what the genuine Separatist really desires, and what the ignorant voters have been taught to expect. What concerns Great Britain, however, is that in none of their discussions as to finance do we find the "patriotic" Irishmen saying anything about the Imperial connection, for which they ought to be proud to pay what they can. We call them "Separatists" for that reason. If they were not Separatists they would be proud to make Ireland prominent in this Imperial connection; they would try to make Ireland take the lead, if possible, just as England now rightly boasts that it has the lead. A generous rivalry in this way would be for the good of the United Kingdom. But Mr. Sexton and Mr. Healy are not patriots of that type. They are only parochial politicians.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

These are bad times for the descriptive gentleman. Practically, all the fight is out of the opposition to the Home Rule Bill. There is still an appearance of a fight. Divisions take place, protests are made, the paired man returns for the now customary trial of strength, which begins at ten o'clock on Thursday, and there is a little cheering now and then. But in the main all this is mere farcical manœuvring. The last hope that the Opposition would be able either directly to defeat the Bill by means of Radical caves, or that they might smother it with amendments, disappeared when the fateful divisions on Clause 9 were taken. Since that period the Opposition never had a chance. They have not even had the opportunity of declaring with much appearance of truth that important parts of the Bill have been rushed through without discussion. In fact, every salient point has been debated at very fair length—the retention of the Irish members, the Royal Veto, the position of the police and the Civil Service, the Constitutional relations between the Imperial and Irish Parliaments, the restrictions on the Irish Legislature, and now the financial clauses, have all been treated backward and forward till we are sick of them. The only point which has really been slurred over is a matter in which Radicals are interested—namely, the property qualification, on which the Second Chamber is based. On this there is still considerable perturbation, and we may get some sharp discussion on it when the Bill comes up to be reported to the Speaker in the chair. For the rest, though the guillotine has shorn off a great many speeches of right honourables and honourables, it has really taken no essential stuff out of the Bill. The one excitement which the depressed House is promised is the final debate on the third reading. That will, no doubt, be seized by the Opposition for a grand display of fireworks, and the final vote of all may possibly show a slight diminution of Ministerial strength. But there can be very little doubt indeed that the passage of the Bill through the House is now legibly written in the Book of Fate.

## LIEUTENANT MORLEY.

The one little variety which a singularly dull week has afforded has been Mr. Gladstone's partial retirement from the undivided conduct of the case for the Bill, and Mr. Morley's substitution for the Liberal leader. Mr. Morley improves with time, and some of his later piloting of the police and Civil Service clauses has been little short of admirable. Still, he has not made, and never will make, a great Parliamentary tactician. He is too candid, too naïve a man, for this kind of work. His mind, as somebody, I think, said of Lord John Russell, is like a glass hive, through which you can see all the bees in Mr. Morley's bonnet at work. There is the sensitive bee, the irritated bee, and the conscientious bee, and, above all, the Honest John bee, all executing the most excited evolutions in Mr. Morley's brain cells. Now, this is not the kind of man to conduct a case for which all kinds of subtle mental qualities are required, but which need above everything else a tolerably thick skin. This Mr. Morley does not possess, and we have in consequence all kinds of rumours of difficulties with the Irishmen and certain creakings and groanings of the Parliamentary machine, which show that it is not being deftly handled. Curiously enough, Mr. Morley, though he is in some senses the strongest Home Ruler in the Cabinet, is, at the same time, the most prone to concessions on the floor of the House and in the administration of affairs in Ireland. Indeed, the Nationalists nearly all say of him that they find him inaccessible and very much attached to the official view of things. Perhaps this has its advantages, for Mr. Morley might easily have been drawn into errors which a too ready sympathy with the Nationalists' notions is apt to engender. Still, he is not of the stuff from which the diplomatic man is made. His qualities are high, but they simply do not run in that direction.

## LORD ROSEBERY'S DEPUTY.

A vein of keen and even poignant interest has run through the proceedings of the House which, in a measure, conflicts with the supreme attraction of Home Rule. It has centred round Sir Edward Grey's answer to interpellations about Siam. Those who know Siam best are quite aware of the seriousness of the situation, and Sir Edward Grey has had a great responsibility which does not often attach to so young a man. Sir Edward Grey is very young; he looks young and is young. He does not know French, and though he has a peculiar faculty of rather happy speech, I cannot say that he is always equal to the task of giving a perfectly diplomatic and guarded reply in a matter where the slightest inadvertence of phrase may have grave international consequences. Sir Edward has plenty of self-confidence, but, in spite of good manners and excellent appearance, his demeanour savours a little of the precocity of the clever boy. He is too much given to lecturing the House of Commons, and to using *ore rotundo* the rather feeble commonplaces that have currency among third-rate diplomatists. Compare his answers with Lord Rosebery's, the perfect balance and tone of which is a model of which Sir Edward Grey comes very palpably short. On the whole, however, he does well. He is clear, sensible, and alert, knows how to rebuff impertinent questions, and if he could show that he carries rather heavier intellectual metal than he seems to command he ought to have a career before him. What he has to rid himself of is a tendency to rather fatuous egotism, which, though it is quite unconscious, sits awkwardly on a man who looks about twenty, though as a matter of fact he is one-and-thirty. Perhaps time and experience will help to rub off these rough corners.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I must ask you to summon all your fortitude in order to bear up under the news which I have got for you this week—news which has made my own blood turn cold and my heart sink within me. As no amount of smoothing down will improve matters, I may as well tell you at once that those who are in the secret tell me that white stockings will very soon be the height of fashion! Try to imagine yourselves, if you can, deprived of all your favourite dainty varieties of hosiery, and confined to these white abominations! Think how the prettiest foot and ankle would become clumsy and unsightly under their enlarging influence, and how the effect of the loveliest gown and the smartest shoe would be entirely spoiled, and then, with me, register a mental vow that you will never, under any circumstances, be persuaded to succumb to this special decree of Dame Fashion. I feel that I am guilty of high treason in so advising you, but there is a limit to everything, and at white stockings I do most emphatically draw the line.

However, as there is no use in anticipating evils before they actually arrive, I will drop this subject for the time, merely reminding you that forewarned is forearmed, and ask you, as a pleasant antidote, to look at the two fascinating smart gowns which I have had sketched for you at Madame Thorpe and Company's pretty show-rooms at 106, New Bond Street. One is a very stylish regatta dress of white hopsack, the full skirt simply trimmed with a band of pale blue silk, edged with gold braid. The coat bodice of pale blue silk opens over a full vest of accordion-pleated white chiffon, and is finished off with revers of white guipure outlined with gold, which taper to a point at the waist. The full sleeves to the elbow are of hopsack, and the deep, tight-fitting cuffs of silk. Though in reality very simple, the effect of this gown is extremely smart and dressy, and its attractions will be enhanced by the extreme moderation of the price, which is only five guineas complete.

The evening dress is a distinct novelty, and as such is sure to find favour in your eyes. The material used for its construction is white and peach brocaded silk, the slightly trained skirt opening at the side over a petticoat of white serpentine chiffon. The zouave bodice is of brocade, and the berthes of chiffon, while round the waist is a high draped sash of peach-coloured satin, tied at the back in a large bow, the ends reaching



that the royal bride has shown such a marked preference for them. Though the material of this dress is lovely and the style perfect, the price is only ten and a half guineas.

I also noticed a very smart travelling and seaside dress, which I should commend to the notice of those who will shortly be off for their holidays. It was of dark navy blue serge, the deep overskirt only showing nine inches of the under petticoat, which was trimmed with three rows of braid. The bodice was cut with the new basque, reaching just below the waist, and had a wide plastron vest braided to match the skirt. Another equally smart gown, also of blue serge, had a full skirt, edged with a deep band of black braid, a similar band, which encircled the skirt just above the knees, being studded with rosettes of braid placed about six inches apart. The effect was exceedingly smart and pretty. The little coat bodice, which was cut short to show the waist, had a turned-down collar and revers, and was bound with two rows of braid, one broad and one narrow, the cuffs of the slightly full sleeves being trimmed to match. This bodice was infinitely smarter than the sleeveless zouaves, which have become so painfully common now, and it could be worn over a plain skirt or cross-over blouse with equal advantage.

I quite lost my heart to a lovely gown of shot green and heliotrope grenadine, made up over green silk. The skirt was edged with a band of satin headed by cream lace insertion, and the draped bodice was finished off with shoulder capes and fichu of the same lace, caught with satin bows. Even more beautiful

[Continued on page 725.]

By Special Appointment.

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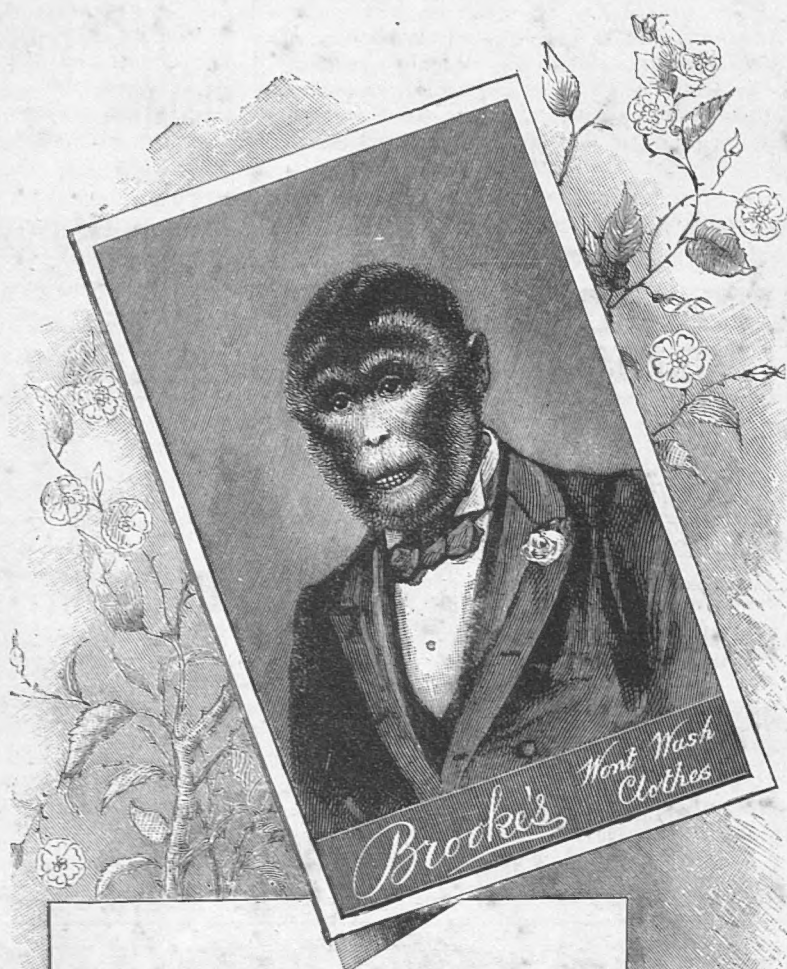
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was a gown of *réséda* satin duchesse, the front of the skirt being entirely covered with exquisite oriental embroidery in perfectly blending shades. The coat bodice, which was made with the new long waisted *basque*, was edged with the embroidery and lined with the palest rose-pink satin. Round the waist was a deep band, trimmed

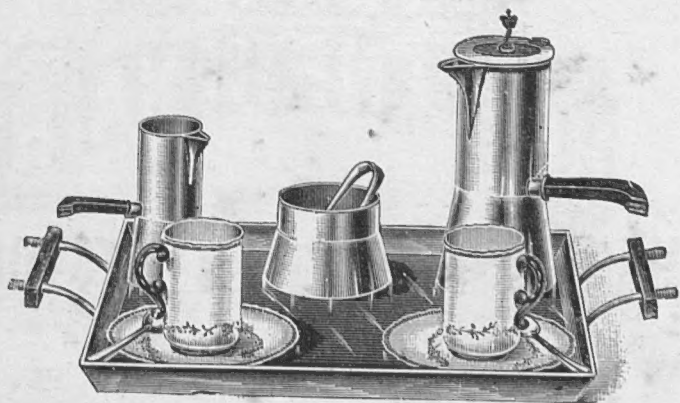


with three rows of embroidery, and fastened at the left side with a rosette, while the yoke of pink satin was covered with embroidery, a satin rosette being placed at each side, and another fastening the collar band at the back.

I was also permitted to have a peep at a gown which had just been designed and made for a well-known singer. It was of black *ondine* silk, spotted with green, and was trimmed with cloth in a new and extremely bright shade of green, which was very effective and also very becoming, when, as in this instance, used in conjunction with black. For the same popular lady there was also a dress of black *ondine* cloth, the vest of white silk being trimmed with bands of jet, and the scalloped revers being of black watered silk, edged with jet trimming. Over the shoulders fell frills of black lace over white silk, the effect being extremely good. The skirt was arranged in quite a new way, with a deep apron-top of cloth, caught up slightly at the sides, the full folds at the back falling into a graceful handkerchief point. The under petticoat was edged with a narrow flounce of watered silk, headed by a frill of black lace over white silk, and for novelty and style I have not seen a dress for a long time which pleased me so much. Just as I was reluctantly passing out, I caught sight of a piece of material which made me long to see it made up, it was so wonderfully beautiful. It was a mixture of silk and wool, the colour being an exquisite shade of pale blue, shot with an equally delicate shade of pink, and brocaded with a raised design in creamy-white. The effect was exactly the same as if a delicate veil of lovely lace had been thrown over it, and until I went close up to the stuff and felt it I could not be persuaded that this was not the case. I wonder if I have made you quite forget those awful white stockings? I hope so. But if you want still more distraction you should go and see all these lovely things for yourselves.

While I think of it, I must tell you of a discovery which I have made after much careful search. On a recent visit to the theatre I noticed that several of the smartest women present had dainty little Mercury wings, apparently sprouting from their pretty heads in the most natural way possible, the effect being wonderfully *chic* and pretty. Thereupon I made up my mind to find where these quaint little adornments could be found; nor did I rest till, weary, but victorious, I found myself seated in Mrs. Farey's shop, at 231, Regent Street, contemplating a varied selection of the articles in question.

Some of the prettiest were of green, gold, jet, or silver sequins; while others of gold lace were studded with various stones. You can get them from half-a-crown a pair upwards, and I should really like you to see



what an eminently becoming and distinguished addition they are to an evening coiffure. I may as well tell you about a few of the pretty, summery-looking hats of which my eagle eye caught a passing glimpse. Nearly all of them had brims of guipure or some other lace, and nothing, to my mind, forms a more effective setting to any face. One especially pretty hat had a brim of black guipure and a tiny crown of black straw,

the trimming consisting of butterfly bows of guipure and clusters of bright blue cornflowers, intermixed with sprays of lilies of the valley. The combination of these two flowers was distinctly uncommon and very effective. A black straw hat, trimmed with butterfly bows of white lace and sprays of red roses, looked remarkably well; while another, which was charmingly pretty, was of burnt straw, trimmed with loose bows of golden yellow silk shot with green, and clusters of green corn. Another burnt-straw hat had a little pointed crown of black straw, and was trimmed effectively with black satin bows and bunches of buttercups; while last, but by no means least, was a lovely hat with a broad brim of black net, thickly studded with jet sequins, and with a crown of green straw. It was trimmed with the loveliest roses, in shades ranging from the most tender pink to the deepest crimson. So much for fashions, and now, for a change, let me tell you about some

#### NOVEL PRESENTS

which I have been hunting up for you this week, for the wail of the present-seeker waxes louder and louder, as weddings, birthdays, and anniversaries come round with amazing rapidity and in ever-increasing numbers.

What do you think, then, of a delightful little chocolate set for two, the dainty little cups and saucers of white Coalport china, and the quaintly shaped sugar bowl, &c., of Prince's plate, with black handles? The tray is also of Prince's plate, in an effective hammered design, and the whole thing is as dainty, and, withal, serviceable, as anything well could be. It would be specially appreciated by any newly wedded couple, I am sure. A lovely coffee and liqueur service has cups and saucers of delicately fluted Coalport china, and silver sugar basin and coffee pot, the former lined with silver-gilt, while the crystal liqueur-glasses and the round silver tray, with its fluted edges, combine to make a perfect whole.

As a generally useful and pretty present, I should recommend a fruit dish of white "Melo" Coalport china, with cream jug and sugar basin in silver-gilt, the stand and the spoons, with their gracefully curved



handles in the shape of a stalk, finished off with a strawberry and a leaf for handle, being also of the silver-gilt. Fruit served in such a dish becomes doubly tempting and appetising, I always think. A distinct novelty is a cucumber dish of white fluted Coalport china, with a stand of Prince's plate, prettily arranged to simulate cucumber stalks and leaves. The same idea is carried out in the silver server, round the handle of which is twined a cucumber leaf and stalk. Novel, serviceable, and economical (for the price complete is only fifty shillings), nothing could be better for a wedding present, as I think you will allow. Some new glass claret jugs also commended themselves specially to me. The silver lid and handle are so arranged that they can be at once detached should the jug be intended for transmission abroad, and so escape duty. A special point is also made of the lid being fitted with a lip, which absolutely prevents dust, flies, &c., from getting into the wine; while the neck of the bottle, being of glass simply encircled by a band of silver, the contents never come in contact with the metal. Claret is so much used everywhere that the advantages of these bottles are sure to be appreciated, especially as they range as low in price as twenty-five shillings.

It is only necessary to tell you that I saw all these at Mappin and Webb's famous premises at 156 to 162, Oxford Street to prove to you that they were of the very best quality and the very newest design—that goes without saying when their name is mentioned; but I must tell you that, as it is utterly impossible to do justice in a few words to their stupendous array of lovely things, the best and only plan for you is to go there at once, and look yourself at the articles I have mentioned, and at hundreds of others, equally attractive. I always feel when I go into Mappin and Webb's that they could supply the wants of a nation of present-seekers, from a millionaire to—well, to the very reverse of a millionaire. I expect that I have rather wasted my time in telling you all this, for most of you are sure to know it by experience; still, if I have solved the difficulty for even one of you I shall feel satisfied.

FLORENCE.



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, July 22, 1893.

The position continues very unsatisfactory, and the slump in values made in the earlier part of the week such alarming progress that people were seriously questioning the statements of many leading banks, that have been in the habit of treating securities realisable as assets which are at once available for meeting their engagements. The very foundation of City business has hitherto been that securities which can be easily negotiated are the same thing as cash, but the daily drop in prices during the last six weeks, or, at least, since the late Indian silver legislation, has been so rapid and so persistent, and the general distrust has now become so widespread, that the vast difference between securities and cash is becoming every day more abundantly self-evident. Where, a few months ago, there was a free market it is now for days together often a matter of negotiation to deal at all, and the jobbers are disinclined to enter into bargains which they do not see their way to undo as long as the present state of the public temper continues. Possibly, before the present serious position becomes desperate, things may take a turn for the better, but if not we tremble for the result. "And all this comes from propping up the Barings," as an old and experienced private banker said to us this week. If our financial experts, whether in London or in India, would only act a little less hastily, and consider the indirect effects of these ill-considered measures before they embark upon them, it would be far better for us all in the long run. Even the particular effects which such measures are designed to bring about have not hitherto been accomplished, to say nothing of all the indirect evils which spring from them in all sorts of unexpected quarters.

To write upon the weekly variations of stocks and shares at such a time as the present seems to us, dear Sir, almost a waste of time. During the day on which the South-Eastern report and dividend were made public the stock dropped two points, although the distribution is  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. higher than last year, and the carry-over nearly six times as large. The Louisville cash dividend, which some weeks ago we told you was assured, has been declared, but the stock drops by leaps, as, indeed, seems to be the case with every class of security except Consols and the highest class of municipal bond. The truth is that a general liquidation, involving not only pawned stocks, but a vast mass of other securities, because the owners require cash to pay for the enormous losses they have suffered, is going on, and there are now no bonâ-fide buyers and no speculators willing to pick up bargains. When everybody wants to sell and nobody to buy, securities like silver are being depreciated in a way hitherto unknown. Even Mr. Wilson, of the *Standard*, confessed on Wednesday last that in many cases securities were below their intrinsic value, a confession which means much when coming from such a quarter; and certainly for the bold investor who would not blame his broker if he did not get in at the very bottom, and was prepared to pay for all he bought, we are confident that few opportunities as favourable as the present have presented themselves for many years. The Home Railway dividends so far made public, including Great Eastern, South-Western, Metropolitan, and North-Eastern, are all favourable, especially the second, which, as we anticipated, shows an improvement of  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the return this time last year, while stocks of the class of Lake Shore, New York Central, and Illinois Central offer a most tempting chance of picking up the very best class of American Rails at prices which would have been laughed at during the last six months. Louisville and Nashville at nearly ten points below the last making-up price, and yielding to the investor on the last twelve months returns between 7 per cent. and 8 per cent., would be thought in ordinary times as far below the proper level; while Canadian Pacific shares, which have been dealt in this year at well over 90, could have been picked up during the week at about 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and even now are quite twenty points below their best quotation. It may be, of course, that further financial troubles are before us, and that selling prices will come to fall still further; but from an investor's point of view we honestly consider every one of the stocks we have named as mere dividend-paying machines, cheap at their present quotations, and the man who is never satisfied unless he gets in at the very lowest and out at the top is the sort of person that few brokers care to have for a client, and fewer still keep for long when they have got him.

The effects of the general depression and the unfortunate position in which the latest spasm of the now long-continued panic has placed both brokers and clients were well exemplified in the case of a well-known firm who have for years done a fairly large business in the House, and who showed us their books this week. The unpaid differences for which they were liable on clients' accounts were over £13,000 upon the last account alone, and in the bulk of the cases it was merely courting ruin to ask for immediate payment. If this is the state of a single firm's account, you can judge for yourself, dear Sir, what must be the amount of money that members of the House are finding on behalf of clients in the aggregate.

The stock markets naturally react upon all commercial matters, and during the week this has been well exemplified at the auction mart, where a sale of some very fine freehold property, situated in the Strand, took place, and, instead of thirty or thirty-one years' purchase being obtained, the best lot only realised something like twenty-six years' capitalised value upon its rental, and this, too, in the very best position and with an unimpeachable title.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

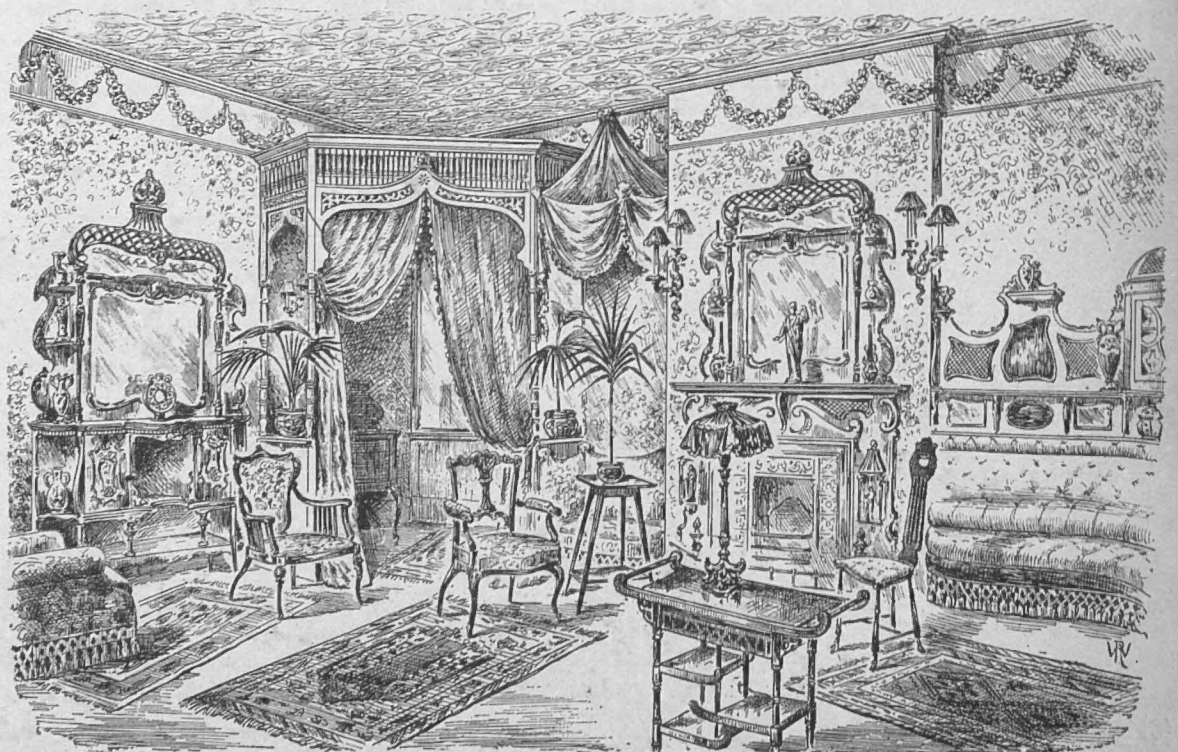
LAMB, SHEARER, and CO.

## LADIES AS RACEHORSE OWNERS.

Mrs. Langtry has not been over fortunate with her racing stud. Milford has not done quite what was expected of him, and White Coral turned out to be a most expensive purchase. Mrs. Langtry ran horses in America before patronising the sport of kings in this country, and won a few races, but one doubts if the game paid, although she started a stud farm out in the Far West for the purpose of rearing her own bloodstock. It is a remarkable fact that lady owners do not meet with the best of luck—in this country, at any rate. "Mr. Manton" could hardly win a respectable race after the death of Mr. Crawford; Mrs. Eyre seldom captures a big prize; Miss Isabella Graham has only won one little race, and the lovely "Mr. Fern," who owned that gay deceiver, The Baron, must have sadly repented her bargain.

## "A LORDLY PLEASURE HOUSE."

Visitors to the Earl's Court Exhibition can scarcely have failed to notice the specimen of Messrs. Wallace and Co.'s work which is sketched in these pages. The centre is treated as a charming drawing-room in old-rose colouring and blue, with a fine French design. Two features are a cosy corner on the right-hand side of the fireplace, while on the left stands a unique fitment, which has all the appearance of a conservatory at the back, the effect with palms, and flowers being very pretty. The furniture is in dark mahogany. The drawing-room is connected with the dining-room by a very ingenious fitment of the firm's design. This takes the place of the ugly folding doors of so many pretentious houses, which, however, can be adapted. The dining-room is carried out in terra-cotta and gold, with a lovely frieze in relief, and the effect is greatly enhanced by the fine furniture in American walnut. The bed-room on the left side is a very soft and pleasing apartment in green and old gold. The bedstead is placed in the corner, and very prettily draped in cretonne, and the fine suite, in the French style, is made of dark mahogany, the carving being particularly fine. The exhibit is a credit to Messrs. Wallace, and a real education to those who would furnish their houses on artistic principles.



MESSRS. WILLIAM WALLACE AND CO.'S EXHIBIT AT THE FORESTRY EXHIBITION.